THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 29, 1933

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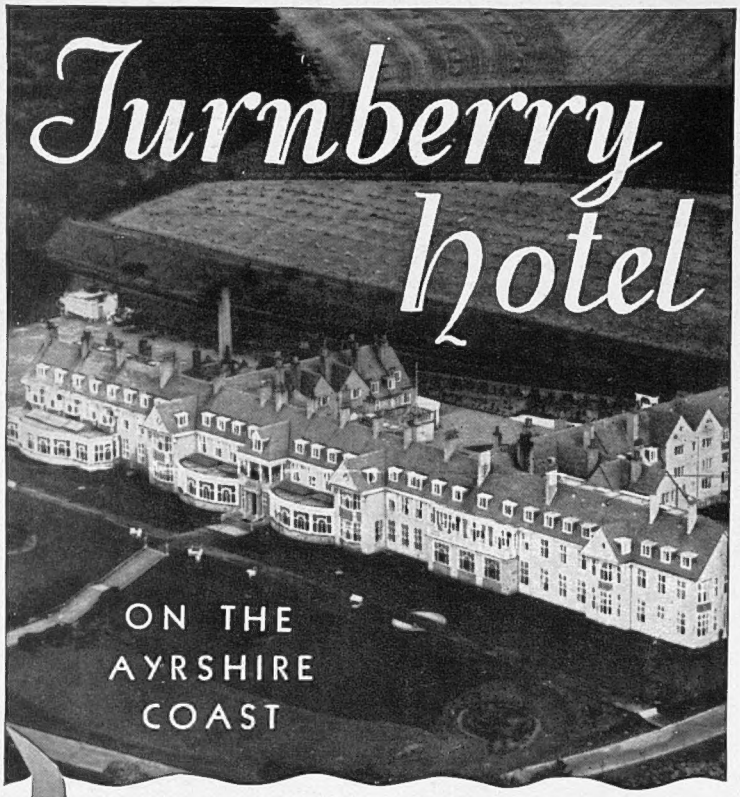

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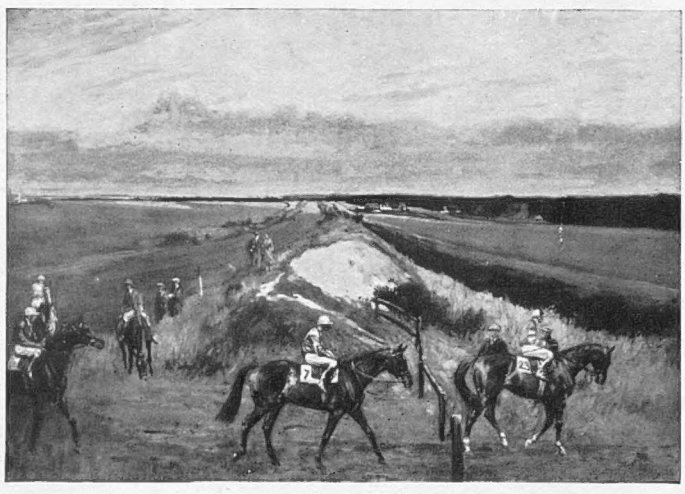

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.

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The Bystander, March 29, 1933

No. 1528. Vol. CXVII

The BYSTANDER

That Grand and National Feeling

The Grand National is a grand party—until the race is over, and then it depends. Lady Weymouth, Lady Bridget Parsons, and Lady Alington were photographed before Kellsboro' Jack settled the fate of all the favourites, when everyone was still hoping. They were all staying with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster for the meeting

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Lenare

Miss Joan Toms and Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas

Miss Joan Toms, Major and Mrs. C. B. Toms's daughter, and Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas announced their engagement last autumn, but the date of their wedding has not yet been published. Mr. Akers-Douglas, who is a nephew of Viscount Chilston, is the amateur rackets champion, and also the holder of the open championship

Lenare

Miss Pamela Kingsmill

Miss Pamela Kingsmill is the youngest of Mrs. Redmond McGrath's three daughters, and one of the prettiest and most popular of the ex-débutantes; she will be twenty this summer. Mrs. Redmond McGrath, whose parties are always as amusing and well done as parties can be, is giving a dance for her daughter towards the end of May

A good deal of interest is being evinced in Diplomatic circles about the new French Ambassador who is succeeding Monsieur de Fleuriau here in four weeks' time. Monsieur Corbin is only fifty-one. He is the youngest French Ambassador, and is said to be the finest diplomat of his generation.

He is about five foot ten, very good-looking, very well-dressed, more taciturn than the average English idea of a Frenchman. He is very keen on golf, and plays regularly at St. Cloud when he is in Paris. More interesting still, he is exceedingly rich, and owns five houses in the Champs Elysées alone. Most interesting of all, it is rumoured that he is secretly engaged to an English girl.

Monsieur de Fleuriau, who is being thus superseded while he still has two years of office to run, will leave many friends behind him. His strange little beard has been seen at anything from a gourmet's luncheon to a St. Patrick's Eve dinner. He did not entertain as much as his predecessors, but he is not a rich man.

The Lincolnshire and the Grand National have been run, and once again Mayfair seems to have been left at the post in the Irish Sweep. This did not make the house-parties at Aintree any the less gay, though. The Duke of Westminster entertained as usual, as did Lord Derby and Lord Sefton. Apart from their fortunate guests, the whole supper crowd of the West End seemed to go North en masse, as you noticed in the restaurants on Friday.

The Milbankes and the Evelyn Fitzgeralds were both in Lord Sefton's house-party. Wild horses would not keep the Metcalfes from Aintree. Personally, I find secretly that we get a far better view of the race on the screen at the cinemas the same evening than at Canal Turn or Becher's Brook themselves.

Hyde Park

Anne and John Richmond met the the Row. They are Sir Frederick year-old daughter and son; they

The London Lieder Club's First Concert

Above, on the left, are Sir Henry Imber Terry, Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, and Miss Rita Hoey at the Dorchester, where the first concert in the London Lieder Club's series took place. Above, right, are Mr. John Richardson, the founder of the Club, and Mme. Elena Gerhardt, who was the singer at the concert

Sasha

Above: M. Konstanty Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador, and Princesse de Ligne at the London Lieder Club's Sunday concert

Left: Mr. Rodney Soher and Mr. Harold Huth, who are so often mistaken for each other, gave a joint cocktail party last week. With them are Miss Joan Barry, Mrs. Nick Prinsep, and Mrs. Cecil Pim

THE new Florida, which is a restaurant and not a club, seems certain of success. There is a very hot orchestra and a hotter cabaret, as well as the rather sinister inner door and the amusing table telephones, like those at Joe Zelli's, in Paris. The very first evening I listened-in quite accidentally to a crossed line and blushed horribly before I put back our receiver. Incidentally, it would interest me to know the

A "Double" Cocktail Party

Horsemen

Photographer while they were riding in and Lady Richmond's seven- and nine- ive in Kensington Palace Gardens

A Private View in Bond Street

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wyndham outside the Tooth Galleries, where Mr. Richard Wyndham's pictures have been exhibited

Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley on their way to the private view of Mr. Wyndham's exhibition, which took place last week

names of the people at table seven on the opening night who invited me over to have drinks with them.

THERE were no telephones at the table occupied by the Plunkets, nor at that occupied by Lady Doria Childe. No doubt it saved them a lot of bother. A secret comedy of the first evening was that someone had concealed the trousers of all the wine waiters just before dinner, and a good deal of excitement ensued before they could be replaced.

ALTOGETHER, the place was just as crowded as the Ritz Restaurant at luncheon time—and you all know what that means. (For the life of me I cannot understand why people like to sit cheek by jowl upstairs instead of in comfort in the grill. It is the same kitchen, and automatically you get better service, because there are so few people who have the sense to prefer it to the restaurant.)

ON one of the more crowded days last week I saw Princess Faucigny Lucinge, who grows more attractive-looking every year. She was with her brother, Mr. Robin D'Erlanger, who has not been seen much in London recently. The Marchesa Malacrida wore the oddest little hat trimmed with leather, and the Comte Bon de St. Hilaire sported a scarlet-and-beige tie of the most Parisian character.

THE Count lives in Monte Carlo, and just before coming over this time decided to try and win the price of his ticket in the Casino. At the first table he approached, number one turned up. "First and last," he thought, and backed thirty-six. The croupier spun the ball with such energy, however, that it jumped out, struck an old lady on the shoulder and bounced straight into thirty-six before the croupier had time to say "Rien ne va plus."

At first the croupier refused to pay, but the Count called up the Chef de Jeux, who agreed that, as no one had said "Rien ne va plus," the throw should stand, and the Count walked out of the Casino with three thousand five hundred francs in his pocket. Why don't things like that happen to me?

SMALL and early débutante hops have been taking place nightly. Those of last week included Lady Enniskillen's and Lady Amherst of Hackney's. "Small dances" are to be given by Mrs. Hargreaves Brown, Mrs. Hardman Jones, Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, and Mrs. Carron Scrimgeour during May and June. Of the leading hostesses, Lady Cavan and Lady Salisbury are the most interesting, as neither has been a dance hostess for some time.

These Point-to-Points

Above, left: the Hon. Mrs. R. G. Hardy and Mrs. R. Henderson at the Grafton point-to-point at Silverstone, near Buckingham

Above: Captain Geoffrey Babington, who is in the 16th/5th Lancers, Miss Lambton, and Lady Anne Babington walking round at the Second Cavalry Brigade meeting at Tidworth

Left: Sir Richard Sykes, Mrs. Adrian Scrope, and Mrs. Bethell at the Cleveland point-to-point, which was held at Easby, Yorks.

Below, left: Lord Dudley Gordon and Miss Gordon going to the Rhys-Wellesley reception. Below, right: Mr. Bingham, Lord Long, the Hon. Brenda Pearson, one of Lady Anne Wellesley's bridesmaids, and behind them are Lady O'Neill and Lady Cynthia Fitz-Maurice

The Rhys-Wellesley Wedding

Left: Mr. L. M. Glasson finishing his picture, "The Four," for this year's Academy. His last year's picture, "The Young Rower," was one of those much talked of in the 1932 collection at Burlington House

Miss Umfreville on Mr. E. G. Howard's Encroachment, which she rode in the Adjacent Hunt Ladies' Race, at Noel Farm, near Cheltenham, where the Cotswold point-to-point was held

I DOUBT very much whether Mary Lady Clancarty, who won the first prize at the Mi-Carême Ball, will take advantage of it—for it consists of a series of lessons in flying. But no doubt some of the young people in attendance on her Venetian gondola will be glad to have the prize transferred to them.

Two other charity affairs of last week were the Ice Carnival in aid of the British Legion, to which the Duke and Duchess of York went, and the Malthusian Ball, at the Dorchester Hotel. The latter was in aid of International Birth Control. Among the names I noticed as patrons of this intriguing movement were those of Mr. H. G. Wells, Frances Lady Warwick, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Lady Lathom, Lady Ravensdale, Lord Selby, Mrs. Roy Royston, and Mrs. Simon Marks. Oh, yes, and Lord Moore.

THE chief event of last week was, of course, the wedding of Mr. David Rhys and Lady Anne Wellesley. The ancient walls of St. George's, Hanover Square, bulged to hold the thousand guests. The retinue of twelve bridesmaids was so long that Lady Violet Pakenham, who came at the end, was almost at the bottom of the church. Twelve pews were set aside for relatives of the family. These were crammed. The Duke of Wellington, the grandfather of the bride, was one of the most distinguished people present.

The reception at Hill Street, Berkeley Square, was equally crowded, and all of the enormous wedding cake disappeared within a few minutes of its being cut. A pleasant feature of the reception was that the champagne was served in magnums in truly ducal style. It is hopeless to try to give a list of the people who were there. It would be easier to give a list of the absentees, who included Lady Jersey. She contracted a severe chill coming out of the Casino at Madeira on the way back from her West Indies cruise, and is laid up. Two other family absentees were the Hon. Rowland and Mrs. Leigh, who are in Majorca.

As usual, there was a last-minute excitement. In this case Mr. Rhys found that he had lost the passports. They were discovered finally, but then it was found that his overcoat had disappeared. By now they are in the South of France, having spent three days seeing the sights of Paris. They expect to be back within three weeks, and will set up house in Norfolk Crescent. Incidentally, the Sweenys will also be back at about that time.

Violets for the Bride

Two for the Reception

Mr. Derek Crosthwaite and Lady Elizabeth Hare were two of the guests at last week's big wedding, when Lady Anne Wellesley married Lord Dynevor's youngest son

Left: the Hon. David Rhys and Lady Anne Wellesley leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding. Lady Anne Wellesley's wedding dress was embroidered with a design of violets, she and her bridesmaids carried bouquets of violets, and the church was decorated with the same flowers

Up at Aintree for the Grand National

Lord and Lady Acton on the first day of the Liverpool Meeting, which is more or less "for regulars only"

The Hon. Mrs. Beatty, who was one of the Duke of Westminster's party

Lady Reynolds, whose marriage to Sir John Reynolds took place quite recently, and Mrs. Alastair King

A Racing Reverie: "That was Sandown, that Was!"

By "Regular"

"OH, I wish we'd never come, you beast! You knew it was going to rain all day; it's your fault if I've caught pneumonia. And to think we might have gone to that divine 'movie'!"

THAT was Sandown, that was, and voiced the opinion of pretty well all the Irregular "lovelies" I saw dotted about the place, clad in pitifully inadequate mackintoshes, trying to find a bit of cover from the driving rain.

THAT little old-world archway which leads from the back of the Members' Enclosure to the front of it, was packed with a seething mass of soaking women, all wishing heartily they'd never come, and not forgetting to say so.

"I'VE backed Backsight, it's such a pretty name," a "lovely" confided to me. Under the influence of a double cherry brandy (wonderful stuff for putting wet women in a better temper) she was becoming quite human again, and although it may not be everyone's opinion of a beautiful word (I must ask Eddie Tatham's opinion of it), Backsight duly obliged, and the victory was an extremely popular one.

THIS is the most extraordinary animal, as this was its ninth victory off the reel. Just think of it! Now for a bit of dirt—Backsight's origin is shrouded in mystery! His mother is believed to have been a now defunct French lady named Petit Gateau, who had a "walk out" with a gentleman called Foresight.

IT all happened a long time ago, so it is not for me to take sides; you know what the French are like. People blamed Petit Gateau at the time, but I'm inclined to believe that Foresight was just as much to blame. Anyhow, came a day when Petit Gateau kicked over the traces, and Foresight couldn't see her for dust.

HISTORY tells us little of Backsight's early life or when the callous Petit Gateau abandoned him, and where he was brought up. In all probability the mystery will never be solved, but the fact remains that in this one time waif, Mr. Daniell, a subaltern in the Gunners, owns a remarkable horse.

IT is no secret that Mr. Daniell did not want to run him at Sandown, thinking that the class would be too good for him, and Eric Stedall, who turned Backsight out looking a treat, had to exercise all his persuasive powers to make him alter his mind.

WITHOUT wishing to detract from the merit of Backsight's performance, I must say that the class of the field was the poorest I have ever seen in this race. The reason for this is not far to seek. Serving soldiers, these days, are d—d hard up.

THE Grand Military Meeting is the one time when Sandown really opens its arms in a perfect orgy of hospitality, as, for the payment of £1, anyone who tells the gatekeeper he's held a commission is allowed into the Members' Enclosure. At all other times, unless you are a bona fide member, Heaven and Bridgewater House are child's play compared with it.

I HAVE, in the past, complained bitterly about those executives who do not give a pass to the Members' Enclosure to owners with a horse running, and my complaints have brought me numerous letters, one and all supporting what I have written.

I CANNOT possibly reproduce all these, and I must content myself with quoting from a letter from Captain Noel Newton, who has owned horses for many years. He writes: "I am very pleased with your outspoken articles in THE BYSTANDER. I have been annoyed by the attitude of Kempton and Sandown for many years. The arguments (and I have heard them all) against letting owners into the Members' Enclosure will *not* hold water for a moment. To my mind, if the executive are prepared to take my money for entries and allow me to run a horse, then I am good enough to mix with their members. This year I took an animal all the way from Melton Mowbray to run at Sandown. I wanted to go into the Members' Enclosure to see some friends and to lunch with them, but I was not permitted to do so. My point in writing this letter is that there must be dozens of small owners who have been treated in the same way. Why do they not combine and absolutely refuse to enter horses at meetings unless they are given every facility for seeing their horses run from the most comfortable place on the course? Surely this is their right." I can only say that I agree wholeheartedly with Captain Newton's sentiments.

To return to the racing, the weather cleared up a bit on the concluding day, which resolved itself into one long triumph for Mr. "Pete" Bostwick, and proved how right I was when I wrote several weeks ago: "The Bostwicks are coming, follow the Bostwicks, and profit by their success."

IN Flaming this popular little American owns just about the best hurdler in the country, and I haven't forgotten Insurance. True, he had only 11 stone 4 lb. to carry in the Imperial Cup, but he would have won with another stone on his back.

NO ONE will begrudge America her triumph in our big hurdle race when the winner is such a good sportsman. Mr. Bostwick and his uncle, Mr. "Brose" Clark, are two of the best ambassadors the Stars and Stripes have ever sent us. If they've got any more like them over there, I hope they'll send them along. We've got plenty of room for them.

Below: half a dozen of the eighteen horses which finished the course taking Becher's Brook the second time round

Right: Lt.-Col. Tweedie's horse, Ballybrack, with Mr. G. Elliott up, came down at the last fence

The Grand National

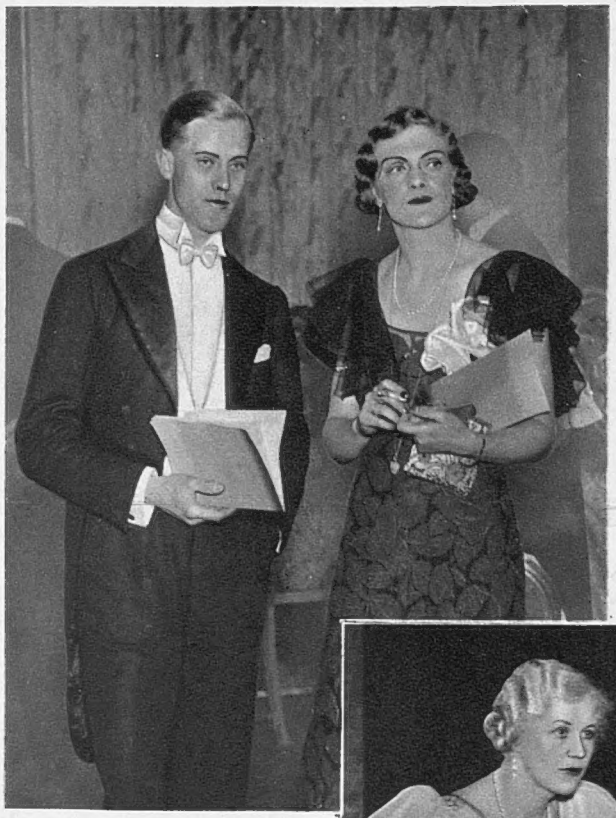
Luck—Good and Bad—Round the Course

Below: Pelorus Jack, W. Stott up, was leading with the winner up to the last fence, when he fell

Kellsboro' Jack, the winner, ridden by D. Williams and belonging to Mrs. Ambrose Clark, taking the last fence

Celebrating Mi-Carême

A Carnival Ball in Aid of Charity



Swaebe

Above: Lord Somerton and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, at Claridge's, where the Mi-Carême Ball was held in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic

Below: Lady Elibank talking to Lady Cambridge, the Chairman of the Ball Committee, who received the guests at the dance

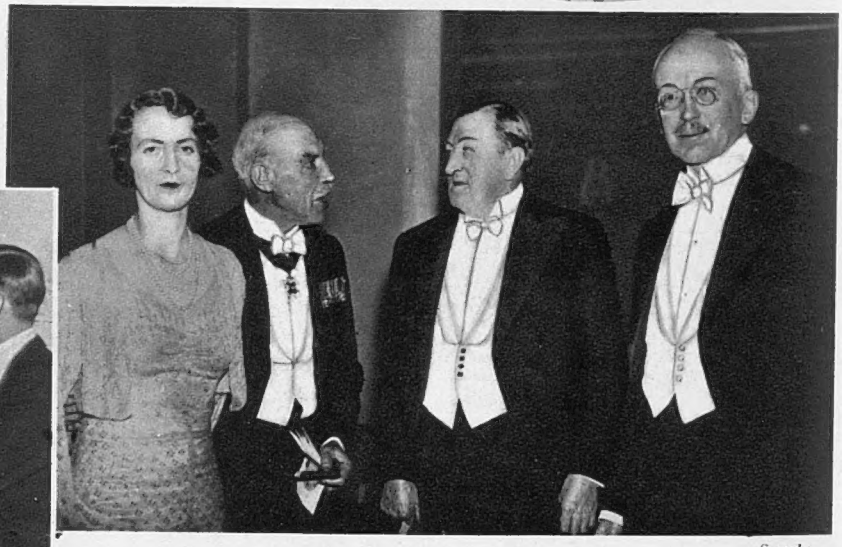
Below: Lady Lavery, one of the judges of the carnival cars which went round the ball-room during the evening, with Lord Edward Hay

Swaebe

Above: Lady Edward Hay and Sir Paul Latham, who were both at Gen. Sir Herbert and Lady Lawrence's dinner party, at which Princess Helena Victoria was the guest of honour

Right: Mr. Jack Page and Miss Cholmondeley having supper together before the battle of flowers started

Swaebe



Swaebe

Left: Lord Fermoy, Mrs. Martin, Lady Fermoy, and Mr. Michael Renshaw were another party of four among the four hundred guests who filled Claridge's last week

Above: Lord and Lady Illingworth, Lord Jessel, and Sir Vincent Baddeley watching the procession of carnival cars, which was introduced by Nelson Keys as compère

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

THE old fallacy dies hard that members of the Stock Exchange go out to lunch from one till four; such spacious days as this sort of thing would have needed have really never existed. Brokers who are entertaining clients, actual or prospective, can excuse themselves to themselves if they linger over their coffee, but on the whole the average member's lunch interval is brief, and the restaurants most patronised are all very near the House.

BIRCH'S is the most distant of the typical Stock Exchange haunts, which is a pity, as it is one of the most pleasant—very English, and old-fashioned in the American tourist sense of the word. Birch's used to be in Cornhill, where it had existed for nearly two hundred years; when it moved to Old Broad Street, its famous double bow windows were bought and presented to the South Kensington Museum, and the present windows are a copy of the old frontage. It 's an excellent place to take clients to lunch, and—low be it spoken—those rare and unpopular visitors to the City, the female friends and relations of members. Why a member should be hopelessly ragged if he is seen lunching with a woman is obscure, but the fact remains that the most in-love young broker hardly dares to risk it. However, in spite of its remoteness, Birch's has a fair number of regular clients, one of whom is Mr. Percy Essex, of F. Barker and Co.; he is an expert on horses and cross-word puzzles, and used to own pedigree sheep-dogs. He has a nickname most suitable for a patron of this venerable eating-house, for he is affectionately known as "the Old Man of the Village"; he has been a member of the Stock Exchange for nearly fifty years.

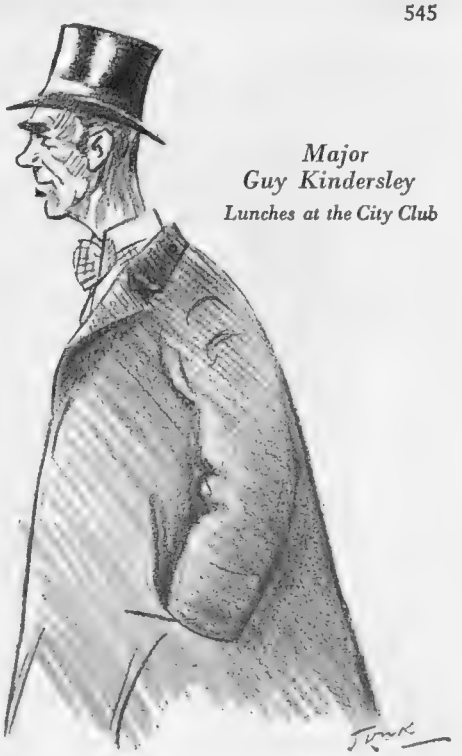
IF a "stranger" was asked where his broker lunched, he would probably suggest Pim's; it is the place that is best known outside the City, and the fame of Pim's No. 1 Cup, the secret of which is carefully guarded, must be world-wide. Pim's is especially popular amongst the younger members, and there are usually a certain number of them in the top-floor room; and at the fish bar, behind which "John" has stood for many years. Here Mr. W. B. N. Roderick, very tall and large, may generally be found at lunch time, for he is one of "John's" regulars. He is an ex-Guardsman, and a good all-round sportsman; he played "Rugger" for

Mr. Percy Essex
"The Old Man of the Village"

Mr. W. B. N. Roderick
And "John" behind the fish bar

Leicestershire, Gloucestershire and the Army, and got his trial cap for Wales, is a member of the Butterflies and a safe wicket-keeper, and does a lot of shooting and fishing. On his own shoot, the story goes, he is so keen that he sees his birds to bed, and the birds he hasn't shot he knows by name at the end of a season! Incidentally, he goes to bed himself at nine.

APROPOS Pim's and being seen lunching with a lady, which is less of an offence on flag-days than at other times, there was once a lovely flag-seller whose stand was just outside the House. During the morning, she was invited out to lunch by no less than six young members, none of whom she had ever seen before. She gracefully accepted each invitation, and told her admirers, one by one, that she would meet them at Pim's at 1.15. And there, at 1.15, they all were, but the lady was not; she was peacefully lunching elsewhere with a member whom she did know. Was this fair of her, or were they asking for it?



Major Guy Kindersley
Lunches at the City Club

SIMPSON'S is another place that retains its old-fashioned "coffee-house" atmosphere; like Birch's, it dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. A trio who lunch together pretty regularly there are Mr. Bill Eykin, the son of his father, and just as amusing and quick in repartee as that famous wit; Mr. William Clark, who is an Australian, and used to own extremely good racehorses; and Mr. E. L. Heinemann, known to his friends as "the Count." And they might look further and fare worse than on the chops and steaks for which Simpson's is famous.

MOST crowded of all at lunch-time is Lyons, not for a bun and boiled egg, as might be thought from the name, but for as good a lunch as could be eaten at most West End restaurants. The Oak Room here is always full, and someone is hotly indignant every day because he has come in too late to get his own table, and, more important still, his own waitress. The most select reserve is the "Millionaires' Room," which sounds very expensive, but is actually about the same as the other rooms. Mr. Urling Clark is generally amongst the "millionaires"; he is the head of Ferguson and Clark, and a trustee of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund. He has an eye for a good carnation, and always wears a fine specimen in his buttonhole.

THOSE who may, lunch at the City Club, which opens its doors to but a few, for only a certain number of candidates from the Stock Exchange may become members at each election, and the percentage of black-balls allowed is almost non-existent. Two who may and do lunch there are Mr. Jack Russell, one of the biggest figures in the gilt-edged market and one of the most popular and charming men in the House, and Major Guy Kindersley, who is with Montagu, Stanley and Co., and is an authority on shipping. He was M.P. for Hitchin from 1923 to 1931; when he speaks in public, his earnest manner gives the impression that he sees life from a most serious angle.

LAST, but not least, there is the Committee lunch-room, upstairs in the House, a delightful room, where the lunch is only surpassed by the sherry, which is indeed sherry. The bell which announces a Committee Meeting is rung daily at 1.15, greeted, of course, by the usual boos and cheers, and this is the signal for the members of the Committee to retire to their higher spheres; after they have eaten, they hold a meeting, which certainly ought to take place in an atmosphere of benignity and goodwill.

At the Theatre

"Gay Love," at the Lyric

The matinée idol, Gloria Fellowes (Margaret Bannerman), introduces to her sister (Enid Stamp-Taylor), seen on the left, her personal staff, composed of Mrs. Duke (Muriel Aked), her confidential dresser-secretary, and John (Walter Herald), the step-dancing butler

Low Notes and High Jinks

"The Lake" (Westminster)

LIFE in the county, as elsewhere, has its minor tragedies—and goes on. Stella, a drifter, having an unsatisfactory affair with a rotter too comfortable on his rich wife's income to run away with her, is making a mess of hers. She would cut loose, but, in despair, announces her engagement to honest John, a worthy squire with £15,000 a year.

Act II. switches disconcertingly from sensitive portraiture to country-house cartoon. The wedding scene in the marquee is great fun—the types are well drawn—but gets us no nearer to Stella and her problems. We laugh at the chattering guests struggling with umbrellas and goloshes, but the lake, once a copse and now an eyesore, which has overflowed and made the downpour worse, seems only a vague excuse for a caricature. It lacks the dignity of a portent.

Yet this handiwork of Stella's managing mother is to be honest John's grave. The scene, also in the marquee, between him and Stella topples over into sentiment. People who discover love for the first time on their wedding day should beware romance. Sneaking off without saying good-bye to the parents is not done. John, moreover, did not look the type of driver to skid wildly into casual water and be drowned on the eve of his honeymoon.

Act III. touches a high plane of subdued tragedy. Stella's critical hour is finely drawn. Here the authors, Dorothy Massingham and Murray Macdonald, have found something worth saying about life and death, and say it with insight and feeling. Stella's grief and conquest of herself are beautifully done by Marie Ney in a controlled display of nervous tension which adds mightily to her reputation as an emotional actress. Good and sensitive performances come from May Whitty as an organising mother, and Esmé Church as an understanding aunt. A. R. Whatmore is tremendously caddish, and P. Kynaston Reeves an almost embarrassingly patient and monumental suitor. As Stella's dreamy and effaced father, Douglas Jefferies scores quietly on the note of delicacy which is the play's chief charm and merit.

"Gay Love" (Lyric)

PERMIT me to hand a brace of bouquets, inscribed simply "For Valour," to the sisters Audry and Waveney Carten. I have a feeling these lighthearted ladies will get away with this packet of stuff and nonsense about the effulgent star (Margaret Bannerman) with a comic dresser-secretary (Muriel Aked in non-stop back-answers), an ex-chorus boy butler (Walter Herald), and a hard-hearted sister from America (Enid Stamp-Taylor), who is too much of a snob to tell Lord George Eaton (Lester Matthews) that his future sister-in-law is an actress. His people, believe it or not, would expire at the thought.

The piece is that magazine story we read umpteen years ago and shall read again. Gloria mistakes the Peer for an actor, rehearses a love scene with him, and falls in love on the spot. A few weeks later, while she is playing St. Joan (Yes, Sir!) in Paris, she falls into his arms and then throws a glass of champagne in his face. And why not? Temperamental actresses are funny that way. Let them once discover that the only man they could ever love belongs to their little sister, and renunciation follows immediately.

At the Lyric the "Only Way" habit is catching. The star's constant lover and tame author (Richard Bird) returns to uninterrupted insobriety with a grand Sydney Carten—I mean Carton—gesture. He marries the sister so that Gloria and Lord George may mate. But is not George dead, killed in an aeroplane crash, while Gloria is playing her own "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" tragedy in the drunken one's latest play? Well, Yes and No. Men like George are never killed in plays like this.

There is a prolonged drunken scene at the end in which star and dresser drown their sorrow in champagne. Muriel Aked is a good "drunk," and always was. She is in rousing form. As for Margaret Bannerman, I did not know she could make such continuous whoopee. The Also Whooped whooped so well that a hilarious first-night audience clamoured for, and got, a speech from La Blonde Bannerman and the now Permanent Waveney. You don't *have* to laugh, but how can't you? Or can't you?

TRINCULO.

Lord Eaton (Lester Matthews) returns from the dead to find his beloved Gloria (Margaret Bannerman) a trifle "dicky" after getting down to a bottle of fizz

SKETCHES BY ROUSON

After the first two acts of a play within the play have flopped, the backer (Joe Hayman) gives the author (Richard Bird) a first-night criticism

Idols in Wood: No. 3. Jester's Motley and Republican Green

Mr. Jack Hulbert and Mr. de Valera are the third couple in the series of model figures by Mr. S. D. Banks. Standing twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand; the originals are on sale

Delirious Dialogues : No. 8. Ramsay MacDonald and Professor Piccard

Ramsay : *I envy you your experiences, Professor. I'm a wee bit of an aviator myself. I often fly to and from Lossiemouth.*

The Professor : *This Lousymouth—is he a colleague of yours?*

Ramsay : *No' at all, no' at all! It is my birthplace. But tell me, what is your sensation ten miles up in the air?*

The Professor : *It is wonderful. You have no idea where you are——*

Ramsay : *I am afraid that is no' exactly a new experience for me, Professor. But go on.*

The Professor : *Up there one experiences a wonderful sensation of peace.*

Ramsay : *I shall be obliged if you will na mention the subject of Peace. It is rather a sore point with me, Professor.*

The Professor : *To rise to such a great height, I use a very large quantity of gas.*

Ramsay : *I have risen to my present elevated position by similar means. I begin to think we have a lot in common.*

The Professor : *I think so, too, Mr. MacDonald. We certainly both have our heads in the clouds.*

At Monseigneur's: Mr. Philip Kindersley and Lady Warrender were in the same party, and Mr. Kindersley evidently had a "private and confidential" tale to tell

Hay Wrightson

The latest of Mrs. Kenneth Hollway, who is a very "out and about" person, and always looks extremely well turned out and attractive. She is the daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Bridgman; she and her husband live in Alexander Place, and have a small son, whose name is Nicholas

MR. ARTHUR HOWARD, one of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's sons-in-law, wears a fob. I wonder if he will revive the fashion among the smart young men of Mayfair, who, at the moment, wear little jewellery? Lord Carlow and Mr. Billie Bethell each have some smart and glittering buttons and studs.

LADY KIMBERLEY has a gay voice and a rather charming laugh. She has a great many friends and a host of acquaintances all over the world. She loves black-and-green as a dress colour-scheme.

HAVE not messengers been very busy these last weeks between a tall house and a high-above-the-traffic flat?

OUR very young don't care for the conventional jeune fille tulle-and-a-sash dresses. Miss Pamela Wellesley looks very smart in a heavy black dress of sequins, with black gloves; and Miss Esther Grant wears dark brown velvet, a fur cape, and long suède gloves—most sombre and sophisticated.

Peter North

Mrs. J. Roland Robinson is the attractive wife of the Conservative member for Widnes. Before her marriage she was Miss Maysie Gasque, and is the daughter of Mrs. Clarence Gasque, of the Elms, Hampstead

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

WHO is—
A too, too divine Don Juan?
Polly-put-the-kettle-on?
A time-server?
A dog (in the feminine) in the manger?

MRS. RIRID MYDDELTON is smart on a horse, even judged by the very high Belvoir standards. Her mother is charming Lady Violet Astor, who works so hard for charity. Lady Conyers rides astride. She has a good leg for a boot and a jolly smile. I'm sure you agree with me!

I WONDER—
How Lady Chichester (Moira) would look with very waved hair?
How Mrs. Claude Leigh would look in gold?
How Lady Melchett would look wind-swept?

I ALSO wonder if too much "good" caviare has caused a small head to swell.

OUR "much-mentioneds" are gradually returning to us. Lady Cambridge is home from Egypt, where she had a "lovely time," of course! Lady Stanley has returned from Ceylon, via Cannes; and her sister, beautiful Lady Blandford, is back from New York. Welcome home!

SIMPLE SIMON met a "sweetie"
Dancing in Mayfair;
Said Simple Simon to the "sweetie,"
"I've a house to share"!

LADY MAUD BAILLIE has well-cut tweeds; and I like Lady Gage's pleated skirts. Miss Jean Crichton has a good line in checks and charm; and Lady O'Neill is neat and natty. I know "Regular" will agree with me.

GOOD-LOOKERS of the huntin' field—
Captain Tommy McDougal—"dark, and so interesting."
Sir Harold Wernher—"Terribly attractive."
Lord Westmorland—"A shy smile which turns the heart."

HOW tall Mrs. Van Reusslaer is! She is a Meltonian. I like the original way she dresses. Very tall people need very good taste, like Lady Delamere, who always manages to look 100 *per cent.*

SAYINGS of the moment in Mayfair—
"If you were a man, I'd knock you down!"
"Really, one must draw the line somewhere."
"It's an absolute lie, darling—I swear it!"

"WHO is the smartest golfer's wife?" my pet caddy asked (she's so sweet in the club-house). Mrs. Rex Hartley received a lot of votes; so did Mrs. Eric Martin Smith. The former is a quite brilliant brunette, with really black eyes; the latter a platinum blonde.

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

MR. MACDONALD may or may not have played the biggest stake in his career; it is impossible as yet to say, but there can be no doubt of his courage. When he went to Geneva, and thence to Rome, he did the right thing at the right time, and his critics seem to overlook the fact that there is no one else in Europe who could have done it. There is no statesman in the world to-day who is less suspect abroad than the Prime Minister.

I HAVE heard comments that, with our own troubles, and they are heavy enough, Mr. MacDonald's place is here at home. But is it? England's greatness in the past has been as much due to the lead she has given in international affairs as to anything in her domestic history. And certainly the Premier is the one man to represent this country abroad. His prestige is unique.

BUT he must take care in his speech-making. Lately it has appeared sometimes as though he were caricaturing himself. That will never do. The Geneva speech, for instance, was more than a performance; it was an exhibition.

IN the meantime, Mr. Baldwin, left in charge, watches the Chancellor steadily falling out of favour. Does he remember it was only a few years ago when everyone was saying he 'd be "out" and Neville would be "in" before six months had gone? Watch Mr. Baldwin kissing his Order paper, with a wise look on his face, when Mr. Chamberlain is giving one of his undertaker's talks; and then tell me that he isn't the shrewdest leader the Conservative Party has had since Lord Salisbury.

LORD SALISBURY accepted Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. Mr. Baldwin made his son, Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Randolph went out into the wilderness, never to return. Mr. Winston Churchill thinks he sees the road home via India.

THE Government's White Paper on India has vied with the international situation all the past week for first place in public interest. The Rebels mean to go forward; anyway, they cannot now go back. They made the fatal mistake of committing themselves in advance.

WHO will be the Chairman of the Parliamentary Joint Committee to examine the India proposals?—for the Government, and Sir Samuel Hoare in particular, will get their Committee. I understand the Chairman will be a Peer, not unconnected with the Law, not inexperienced in committees.

THERE has been a persistent rumour—I repeat it for what it is worth—that Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, may succeed Sir Frederick Sykes as Governor of Bombay. I have not yet heard one word of support for his suggested appointment, nor can I see why Mr. MacDonald should countenance it, unless it be through gratitude for the Socialist Party's victory at the 1929 General Election, when Mr. Davidson was in command at the Tory Central Office.

I AM afraid that the Socialists are treated rather badly in these notes. They are seldom mentioned, though, maybe, they are pleased at that. But there is no excuse for my neglect of Mr. Tom Williams, Member for Don Valley. He is the Party Encyclopædia in the House. There is no subject on which he cannot speak and fewer on which he doesn't. Into the bargain, he is the Socialist Beau Brummel, now that Major Graham-Pole has disappeared.

MR. WILLIAMS was in charge of the opposition to Major Elliot's Marketing Bill. Opposition to Major Elliot isn't too easy at any time. Having been a Socialist he knows too much of the Socialists' case for them ever to feel really comfortable when he is talking.

MR. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH, the Liberal who sits for Middlesborough, has written a poem about Major Elliot and his Bill, which last week his friends were trying to induce him to recite in the House during the Debate. Fear of the Entertainment Tax was probably the cause of his refusal.

MOST Members keep their poetical gifts for the benefit of their constituents. But Mr. Waldron Smithers, it must never be forgotten, shared his priceless creation with the whole of England. Yet "Stanley Boy," with acknowledgments to "Sonny Boy," and identical music, did not bring Mr. Baldwin back to power in 1929.

The Busy B.s (1)

Mrs. Baldwin talking to Lady Lucas-Tooth and the Hon. Mrs. J. C. C. Davidson at the final of the Bridge tournament in aid of the Young Britons, which was held at 11, Downing Street. Lady Lucas Tooth was the organiser of the tournaments

The Busy B.s (2)

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., with Mr. Guy Butler, the famous athlete, at the White City when Oxford beat Cambridge in the inter-'Varsity sports for the first time for seven years

Two's and Three's

A Supper-Time Selection at Monseigneur's

Below: Miss Pearl Osgood, who was wearing one of the latest "shiny" evening dresses, was dancing with Mr. Guy Middleton

Mr. Ralph Cobbold, Miss Veronica Christie-Miller and the Hon. Anthony Herbert were together. Mr. Cobbold and Miss Christie-Miller are being married next week, on April 6, to be exact, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Three more at the Monseigneur, which Marion Harris has been helping to keep at its high level of popularity, were Mr. Robert Naylor and Mlle. Mireille Perry, who are both in "The One Girl," and Capt. George Banfield

Lady Janet Montgomerie was having supper with Mr. Guy Taylor; their party was evidently as conversational as a good supper party for two ought to be

Grace before meat—in other words, small talk, or its more intimate equivalent, before soup was the rule at the corner of the table at which Mr. Douglas Pearce and Mrs. Banfield were sitting

John Morrison, dressed for dirty weather, was putting up quite a good show against Kenneth Cotton till he was called out to a wreck at sea which caused moaning at the bar

"Quack" Durnford carried a beautiful divot on his country seat, while his partner, P. N. Muriel, was busy playing other competitors' balls and being told all about it

Familiarities at Felixstowe

"The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Competitors

Captured by our own Caricaturist

Oh, my stars! "Massy" Poyntz was well in the running till he gave the 18th bunker and his ball a nasty headache

Sketches by H. H. Harris

Characteristic pose of L. G. Whelpton (The Naze) and partner during his merry knock of 100. Caddy at back observed returning for more cards and the town ready-reckoner

A hole in one! John Beck congratulated at the nineteenth by Cæsar Walter, Bracewell Smith, Captain Worrall the Secretary, "Mr. Tolly," and R. O. Mobbs

Sir Basil Eddis made Andrew McNair look rather smaller in the afternoon

The Finalists: L. B. Sanderson (Nairn), who took the trophy away, and J. L. N. Pollock (Felixstowe)

If Gossip We Must . . .

Raging Russophiles—Humour about the Adelphi—Anny Ahlers—Punch's Spirited Party—Isidore de Lara—The Age of Actresses

THAT curious state of mind which accepts as a matter of course, in any circumstances, that if there is any sort of dispute their own country and their own countrymen must necessarily be in the wrong is much to the fore just now.

We see it in large sections of the comments on the arrest of Englishmen in Moscow by the Ogpu. The first instinct was to fly into a panic, not over the prospect of unpleasant things happening to the captives, but over the fear lest their existence in that capacity should provoke an attitude hostile to Russia.

People who were anxious about the safety of these unfortunate men were abused as "Die Hards." It was even asserted, from the lofty eminence of a growing circulation, that these "Die Hards" were prompted by the desire, not to get the men free, but to put a spoke in the wheel—"sabotage" is the cant term—of Anglo-Soviet relations.

THAT is just a lie. But it is the sort of lie that the Russophiles find very useful. London reeks with such cranks, from Bow to Bloomsbury, from Chelsea to Chadwell Heath. They seem incapable of thinking that, even though the advantages of relations with the Bolshevists were proved to be immense, there are things more important than retaining them intact.

Judging by the studied insolence of such Russian explanations of the "affaire" as have reached London as I write, the Bolshies are less anxious to preserve friendship than we are; unless they are overestimating the importance of the don't-whatever-happens-annoy-Russia type of fanatic. That is more than probable.

THE House of Lords discussed the Adelphi Estates Bill with rare, refreshing, and wholly unconscious humour.

Whether or no Adelphi Terrace will have to disappear, we have lived to see an Archbishop of Canterbury defending that spot on the grounds that it is hallowed by association with Nelson's Lady Hamilton. Dr. Lang made a graceful and courteous reference and the shade of poor Emma must be duly gratified.

LORD NEWTON, having devoted a long and not wholly accurate speech explaining why, in his opinion, the whole of the Adelphi district should be torn down and generally messed about, wound up by declaring that he did not really care whether the Bill was passed or not.

His Lordship is wrong in thinking that the river is not visible from Adelphi Terrace. If he will take up a position *with his back to the houses* and look straight in front of him, he will see it quite distinctly (though some frequenters of the Terrace have been known to see it indistinctly).

In Far Trinidad

The Duchess of Northumberland, under the umbrella, with a friend on the left, and her two daughters, Lady Elizabeth Percy and Lady Diana Percy, on the right, watching a tennis match at the Country Club, Port of Spain, Trinidad

Walter Bird

Alice Sandor

who, in addition to acting, can dance, sing and play the piano. Hungarian by birth, she can speak four languages, English, German and French, as well as—in each sense—her own

Below: Margaret Bannerman, who is playing in the new comedy, "Gay Love," by Audrey and Waveney Carten, at the Lyric Theatre

Sasha

Margaret Bannerman

THIS is not a case of ladling out eulogies just because of death. Anny Ahlers was adored by everyone with whom she came in contact, because she was sincere, loyal, utterly without conceit, and generous to a fault.

To start in a London theatre as a foreigner, not knowing a word of English, but playing the leading part and getting a far bigger salary than anyone else is to labour under a disadvantage so far as popularity is concerned. Anyone in such a position might well have been disliked and even detested. In a few days Anny Ahlers had captivated every soul in the building.

It would be a good idea, by the way, if that portrait of her by Philip de Laszlo, or a copy of it, could hang in the foyer of His Majesty's in memory of one of the sweetest personalities who ever trod its stage.

Also at the Country Club, Port of Spain, Trinidad. Lady Ponsonby and Sir Frederick Ponsonby, with a friend on the right, three other English visitors, seeking amusement in watching the lawn tennis

"Hair-cut, please!"

And why does Lord Newton think that historic corner of London "disgusting" and devoid of all "amenities"? True, few members of the Savage Club are decorative, and it would be stretching a point or two to put them under the heading of local amenities. But "disgusting" is a strong word.

NOT since the murder of William Terriss has there been so vividly dramatic a happening as the tragedy of Anny Ahlers. With the protest of her friends at the theatre against the suicide verdict I can fully sympathise. I knew her well, and I shall never believe that she committed suicide or even contemplated suicide.

But, whatever the verdict, she has gone from us, and the pathos of that service at Golder's Green, when the members of the *Du Barry* company, many of them, broke down and openly sobbed, will take a deal of forgetting. So will Anny.

A Scientist en Vacance

Ernst Lubitsch, the famous movie director, with Professor Albert Einstein, the even more famous scientist, and Mrs. Einstein at Palm Springs, where the Professor has been spending a holiday

PUNCH'S whisky party was a big success. People give cocktail parties galore. This was a whisky-and-soda party with the club habitués and habituées, and the guests of both, present in full force. It was not only whisky-and-soda that could be obtained; whisky cocktails of all types and degrees of strength were in demand, and those who prefer a less "dry" drink than whisky-and-soda consumed whisky and ginger ale.

As a mixture of jest, gesture, hospitality and protest against excessive taxation, the one and only "Arthur" ordained that whisky, on this occasion, should be sold at the price at which it could be sold were it not for the crushing Government duty on every bottle. So one could buy a whisky-and-

Fernando Autori, the opera singer and caricaturist, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, enjoying a holiday 'midst the snow at Calle Sestrières, Italy, which threatens to become even more popular than St. Moritz

soda for—threepence! For a while there were hardly any starters. People thought that there must be a catch in it somewhere.

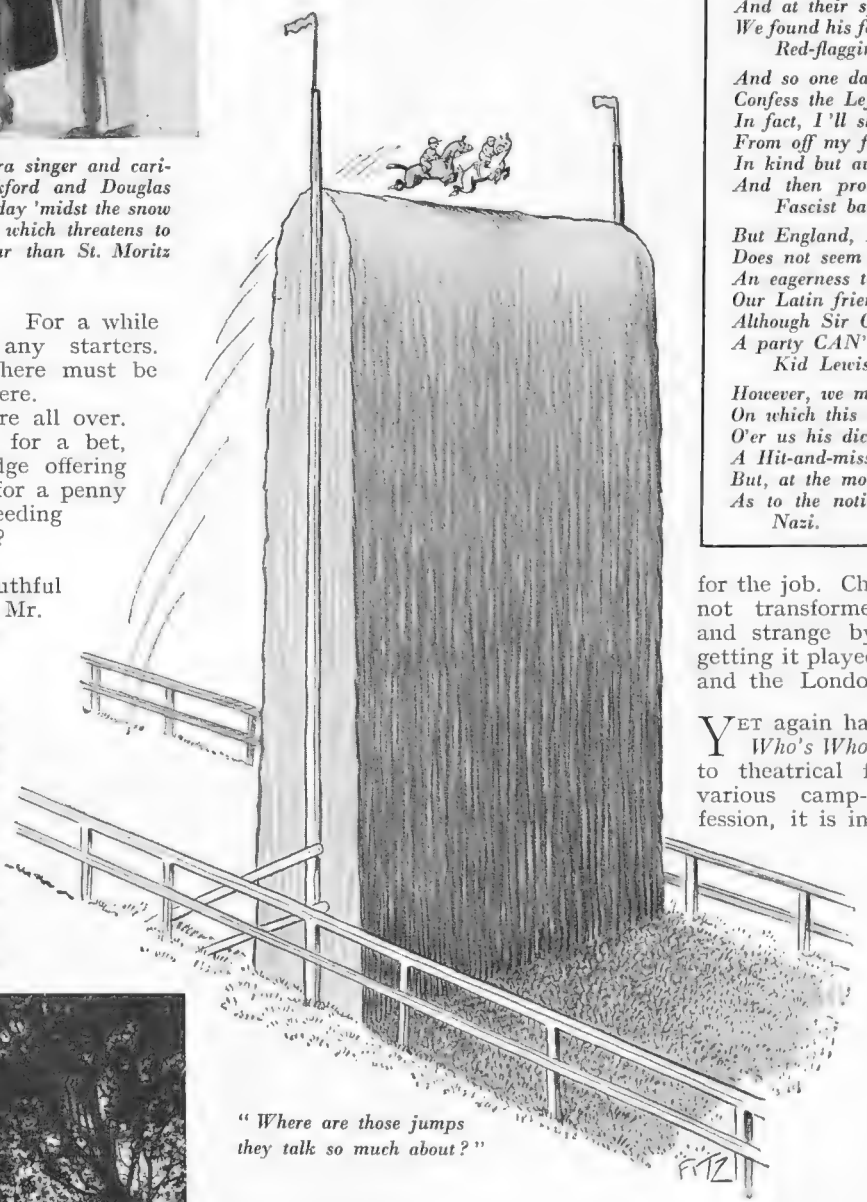
That is human nature all over. Did not a man once, for a bet, stand on London Bridge offering to sell real sovereigns for a penny apiece, without succeeding in selling a single one?

ONE of the most youthful men I know is Mr. Isidore de Lara, the operatic composer. Yet he was a well-known figure in London's Clubland in the early 'eighties, was having his operas performed at Covent Garden in the 'nineties, and afforded a vast amount of practical help to musicians from 1914 to 1918 by his War-time Emergency concerts.

Isidore de Lara has the most perfect manners—almost a lost art nowadays—and in his conversation is the easy grace of a past age. But in himself he is as go-ahead as ever, and has just completed a new opera, for which he has written, like Wagner and Charpentier, both the words and the music.

A MUSICIAN of a very different type is George Gershwin, whose Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra did not exactly fire a Queen's Hall audience with enthusiasm the other night. The critics were, for the most part, down on it like a ton of bricks.

This seems an obvious case of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. I really do not see why a cobbler should not stick to his last, particularly when that last is as profitable as the light music out of which Mr. Gershwin must have made a considerable fortune. Ambition to soar beyond the revue stuff is laudable enough; but one should be adequately equipped for the job. Cheap and obvious music is not transformed into something rich and strange by the simple process of getting it played by Sir Hamilton Harty and the London Symphony Orchestra.



" Where are those jumps they talk so much about? "

Below: A view of the Peak of Teneriffe, one of the beauty spots which will be seen by passengers aboard the s.s. Lapland, which starts for a " Bystander " cruise on June 17th, touching also at Madeira, Las Palmas and the Azores. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual agencies

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 6.—Sir Oswald Mosley

SIR OSWALD'S blood is very blue,
His shirt is very black,
For now he is a stalwart who
Has sternly turned his back
On Labour and makes clear his meaning
By vowing that for Fascists he's a Musso-
leaning.

So, though he used to grace the cause
Of " Socialism-in-our-Time,"
And won the comrades' loud applause
By dubbing other creeds a crime
And at their sponsors fiercely nagging,
We found his fervour for the cause was soon
Red-flagging.

And so one day he vowed " I must
Confess the Left wing is not right,
In fact, I 'll shake the Party dust
From off my feet this very night
In kind but autocratic manner
And then proceed to raise on high the
Fascist banner."

But England, I regret to state,
Does not seem anxious to display
An eagerness to emulate
Our Latin friends across the way,
Although Sir Oswald's honest view is
A party CAN'T lack punch if it includes
Kid Lewis!

However, we may see the day
On which this G." O.M." will hold
O'er us his dictatorial sway,
A Hit-and-miss-tler brave and bold,
But, at the moment, we are hazy
As to the notions of the nation's noblest
Nazi. *B. W.*

YET again has that work of reference, *Who's Who in the Theatre*, appeared; to theatrical folk, and still more to various camp-followers of that profession, it is invaluable.

Mr. John Parker, who edits it, is a veritable " Nosey " Parker in the way he gathers information, puts it in concise form, and supplies lists, tables, etc., of the facts so many of us want to know. I congratulate Mr. Parker on bringing out a volume that is bigger and better than ever.

IN some cases, of course, information is supplied by the people most concerned, and that is how the new *Who's Who in the Theatre* can provide an intriguing, if ungallant, pastime for the idle, if an earlier edition is placed beside it. For some actresses not only have their faces lifted but lift a decade off their age.

Miss ——— ———, for instance, according to the 1925 edition, was born in 1888 and was playing children's parts in 1894, re-appearing on the stage in 1909. We are now told that she was born in 1898 and made her first appearance " as a small child " in 1910.

To become in eight years ten years younger is not bad going.

John Everard, Orange Street

Black and Ivory

Sepha Treble Wears a Mantilla

A black dress and a black lace mantilla, Sepha Treble's face and hands, and Mr. John Everard's camera combined to produce this beautifully posed photograph, which is more reminiscent of an "old master" than of the arc lights of a modern studio. Sepha Treble is the attractive young actress who is playing in "Mother of Pearl," at the Gaiety

Golf and Gaiety: A

The First Meeting for "

A Contrast in Silhouettes

John Morrison (Sunningdale), having made a cigarette and adjusted his inevitable deer-stalker, joins C. K. Cotton, the Secretary of Stoke Poges, on the 1st tee for the final of the fourth Eight. Cotton won by 4 and 3

Sir Basil Eddis (Aldeburgh) taking his pipe to the tenth. Sir Basil, handicap five, beat John Beck at the 19th in the final of the second Eight

The Runner-up, the Troph

J. L. Pollock (left), the runner-up, and L. had a stiff match in the semi-final, but g Pollock (Felixstowe). "The Bystander" and excellent a golfer as the first winner of te

A Hole in One

John Beck did the eighth in one on Saturday afternoon. This catastrophe occurred during the bye, or, rather, buy

North v. South

Rupert Tollemache (Felixstowe) going to the 10th green with R. G. Morrison (Sunningdale) in the qualifying round. The former was the winner of the sixth Eight

Three of the Back-marker

Left to right: C. F. Griffin, Lionel Sanderson, the win George Adams, who had a stern struggle with J. L. Pol semi-final. Pollock, playing off 12 on his home course,

Great Gathering at Felixstowe

"The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Under the New Conditions

...hy and the Winner

...E Sanderson, the winner. Sanderson ...g home comfortably against J. L. ...is delighted to salute so popular ...he Trophy under the new conditions

Busy Men

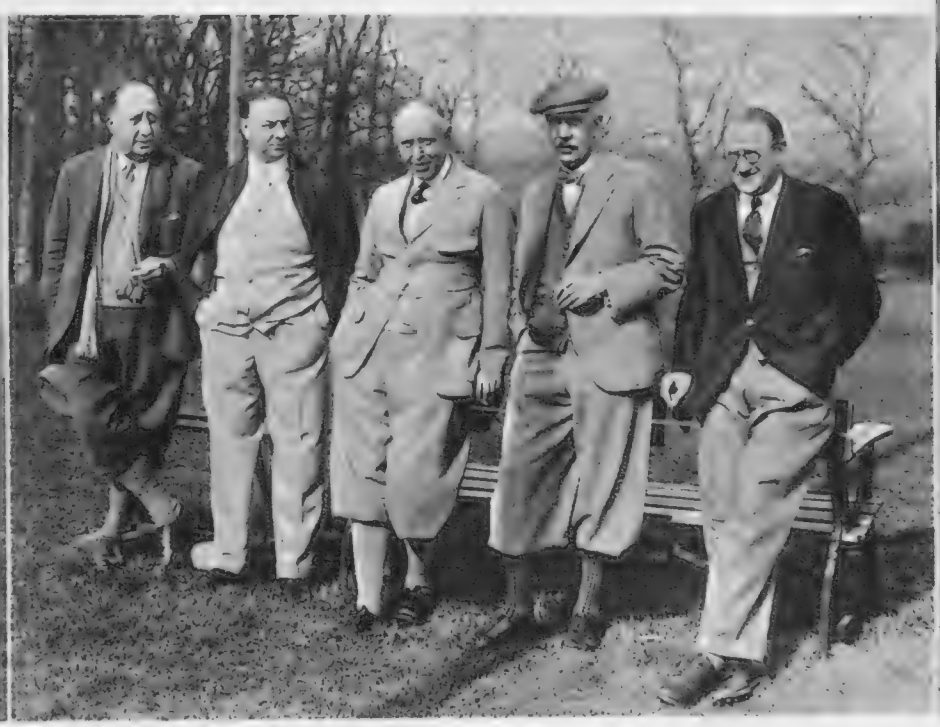
A. Beverley Baxter shook off the editorial cares of the "Daily Express" and was paired with Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, the Surrey champion, in the qualifying medal round

Our Mr. Fairlie

Busy calculating how best to deal with John Morrison's questions, the sweep money, and H. H. Harris

...rkes

...winner, Andrew McNair, and ...Pollock in the Trophy Eight ...se, was too stiff a proposition



Local Lights

Left to right: A. J. Walter; Bracewell Smith, the Member for the Dulwich division of Camberwell and the Captain of the Felixstowe Golf Club; Colonel H. M. A. Ward, Captain J. Worrall, Felixstowe's popular secretary; and L. G. Whelpton

The Army

Major W. H. B. Mirrlees (scratch) qualified for the match play stages in the third Eight, which he won

A Queen in Her Parlour

Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies Leaves the Fourteenth Century for the Twentieth

A Home Beauty Treatment

As Anne of Bohemia, Richard's young and loving wife, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies gives a performance of which every movement, and every phrase in her broken English, is a delight, in "Richard of Bordeaux," the historical play at the New Theatre

England's Queen Six Hundred Years Ago

Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies lives in Gower Street when she is leading her twentieth-century life, and has a delightful home there. Her black pug, who looks its most aloof and disdainful while its face is being cleaned, takes up a good deal of her spare time—as dogs do. The kitchen is as modern and labour-saving as its ruler looks practical and ready-for-anything in her big apron

Photographs by Swaebe and Yvonne Gregory

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Internationals—Past and Future

England lost the Calcutta Cup by three points to nil, and the photo above shows M. A. Stewart (7) getting possession of a ball which appears to be lost in the mêlée. On the right, England is in possession during some open play

As my taxi bore me along Princes Street, to the station, on the night of the Calcutta Cup match, I observed, with commendable perspicuity, that Edinburgh Castle was flood-lit. Very whimsical it looked, too—all toy-soldiery and fairy-princessy, as if it were really a drawing by Arthur Rackham. I wouldn't put it beyond Sir James Barrie, either, though that is, perhaps, beside the point.

What I am getting at is that it struck me, for one amazed moment, that the good burghers of Edinburgh had caused their Castle to be thus emblazoned in celebration of Scotland's triumph at Murrayfield. The gesture was, I thought, a little extravagant if this happened to be its meaning, for never has a victory been more barren.

I DON'T propose to fight the battle over again; by now we have all heard that the English centres were passengers throughout the second half, and that the Scottish forwards scrummaged with singular ineptitude. It was, in my opinion, a poor game, redeemed only by the sterling work of the previously despised English pack.

I have to remember, however, that next Friday, save the mark! I shall be once more headed for Dublin, where Scotland play Ireland in the last international match of the season. And if Scotland win, they carry off the international championship, the triple crown and all the mythical doings. Incidentally, I hope I am treading on nobody's corns if I say that both championship and crown, to my way of thinking, are just so much boloney. It is a peculiar fetish, this insistence upon statistics and tables and titles; as a matter of fact, neither championship nor crown has any official recognition whatever.

LET us leave the fictitious trimmings, then, and consider Scotland's chances. To begin with, the Scottish forwards will have to stir their stumps if they are to hold the Irishmen. We have heard a good deal during the season of the Scottish scrummaging; there are no specialist hookers, we have been told—just three front-row forwards of unusual ability. Scotland, so the pundits claimed before Murrayfield, will concentrate on tight packing and the concerted shove, and the ball will follow as a natural consequence. Excellent in theory, maybe, but wretched in practice, for England hooked and heeled with monotonous regularity for the last sixty minutes of the game.

SCOTLAND'S main troubles were, I think, lack of weight and clumsy packing, though possibly the packing at least may be remedied for Saturday's encounter. Mind you, Scotland have some grand forwards in the loose: Welsh is still a force; Henderson is an exceedingly promising player; and Beattie, I am convinced, is the finest all-round forward in the British Isles. The logical man, nevertheless, will say to himself that as Ireland outscrummaged England, who in turn, beat Scotland in the tight, there is an obvious inference to be drawn.

For all that, I believe Scotland will pull through on Saturday, largely because of the dash and vigour of the team as a whole. Subtlety does not count very much against Ireland, but devil and drive do, and here the Scotsmen are formidable.

NOW I intend to digress for a moment, though the general theme remains the same. I lunched in Edinburgh with one of the greatest three-quarters who ever played for Scotland—this sounds like a gossip paragraph, though it is merely intended to establish my friend's credentials. He watches the game keenly nowadays, and he maintained that while the average level of skill is rising, there are fewer really promising players about than there have ever been. This worried him, and he ascribed it to what he termed the neglect of technique.

I HAVE no doubt whatever that he was right; the modern player may run like the wind, but all his running is useless if he cannot give a simple pass. Very few players to-day, moreover, do know how or when to pass; still fewer have mastered the elementary arts of forward work. We talk, even now, with bated breath of G. S. Conway, the perfect orthodox forward, and a wonderful player he was, but his skill was enhanced by contrast with the clumsiness and ignorance of his contemporaries and successors. It looks so simple, this forward game, but it isn't; it calls for constant experiment and practice.

"Let us, therefore," said my learned friend, "have a little more artistry, a little more regard for the true craftsmanship of Rugby football," and I only wish his suggestions could be broadcast to schools and clubs wherever the game is played.

IN the conversation which followed, there was one, a daring but knowledgeable fellow, who declared that Burland and Gerrard were taking part in their last match for England. They were, he argued, admirable centres for West Country club football, but they represented a style of play which had become out-moded.

They were slow and heavy-footed; they would have to give way to the Lorraines and Linds of international football. Speed and imagination, according to his theory, were the essential qualifications for a centre three-quarter, and it was hardly surprising when he asserted that Scotland would have been badly scared if Novis had been selected as a centre.

The Grand Military

Sandown at its Most Social

Left: Mr. José Larios, Mrs. Jack Feilden, and Sir Anthony Weldon walking over to the ring together

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Wright and Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell looking very busy and businesslike on the first day of the meeting

Commander P. de Crespigny's Silver Vic taking off for the water jump—and a fall—in the Victory Steeplechase, which was won by Smoky Moke

The sun shone at Sandown on Saturday, to make up for the rain on the first day, and storm-coats were left behind; Miss Isobel Maclean's leopard-skin collar and cuffs couldn't be missed, and nor could Miss Violet de Worms's big check coat

Above: even Mrs. Derek Murphy and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson couldn't, for the moment, distract Mr. Rex Colclough's attention away from his race card

Left: Mrs. Cecil Brownhill and Lord Queenborough were both at Sandown for the two days of the meeting, and were photographed together on the Saturday

Above: Lady Delamere and her sister, Miss Scott, had as escort another member of the family, their cousin, Lord George Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's son

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait and her mother, Baroness Beaumont, who are nearly always to be seen together at race meetings, didn't break their rule at Sandown

Mr. Basil Hill-Wood, Sir Samuel Hill-Wood's eldest son, and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, on their way to have a look at the runners for the next race

Here are some of the best-looking storm-coats which appeared on the first day, and inside them are the Hon. Moya Beresford, Miss Jean Kerr, and Mrs. Clever

Two more who were quite undismayed by the rain—and mud—of the first day: Lady Joan Colville and Lady Violet Pakenham

Mr. Livingstone-Learmonth and Miss Livingstone-Learmonth, where everyone meets everyone else, between paddock and Grand Stand

The Passing Picture Show

Laughter and Song

By Sydney Tremayne

ABOUT humour one can no more be didactic than about religion. One man's fun is another man's emetic, so when three comedy films are offered simultaneously one can only describe personal reaction with respectable detachment and examine filmic achievement critically. As a matter of fact, the names of the stars will suffice to inform most film-goers whether they will find the respective pictures funny or not.

"SOLDIERS OF THE KING" gives Cicely Courtneidge every possible and impossible opportunity to display all her talents and what is, to many people, her irresistible comicality. She repeats all her successful "turns," and has thought of several new gestures and grimaces. Her energy is unflagging: the music has a familiarity which gives the show almost a sentimental interest, and if you like male impersonators and "the good old stuff," *Soldiers of the King* is your film.

"UP FOR THE DERBY" gives Sydney Howard only limited opportunities to repeat his established drolleries and there is a leisureliness about his methods that makes it almost a slow-motion picture.

IN *The Kid From Spain* Eddie Cantor emerges from a plethora of arms and legs and bathing ballet as the most spontaneous as well as the most expert of Hollywood "comics."

My heart sank when the film opened with one of those incredibly grandiose scenes, a modern Arabian Nights bedroom scene en masse, reputedly the girls' dormitory in a co-ed. college, and, in mercifully brief close-ups, a series of these over-hairdressed and under-nightgowned young women sat up in their satin-quilted beds and recited a sort of nursery-rhyme couplet, introducing herself or something equally uninteresting. Then they all dived, in transparent black-lace swimming suits, into the indoor lake above which the semi-circular daïs supporting their beds was poised, and, under the direction of Mr. Busby-Berkeley, made patterns with their legs and arms in the water. Here was a departure from Hollywood's recent realistic exposures, although the exposures were not absent. But I still had a strong feeling that this was not quite my kind of film.

HAPPILY, at this juncture Eddie Cantor was discovered asleep in one of the girls' beds, where he had been dumped, so it turned out, as a joke, by a high-spirited young Mexican friend called Ricardo. This part is played by Robert Young, who appears to me to have the profile, the teeth and smile, the tailor and all the arrogance of a potential star.

FROM the moment of Eddie Cantor's arrival on the scene the picture moves rapidly and with fantastic funniness towards the brilliant climax in the bull-ring.

The two young men are expelled from their curious college. Eddie takes Ricardo to the bank, and while he is waiting for him a party of hold-up men climb into his car by mistake and insist on his crossing the frontier to Mexico so that he cannot give them away. His unavailing attempts to inform a traffic policeman by means of winks and facial contortions that he has a cargo of crooks and the way he infuriates the gentleman whose duty it is to examine passports at the frontier are funny enough, but, once in Mexico, his troubles and our amusement are progressive.

An American detective who has a description of the man who drove the bank bandits, is on his trail. To get him out of this difficulty, his friend, Ricardo, says that he is Don Sebastian II., a famous matador. From this moment incidents and encounters pile up to make it inevitable that he will have to fight in the bull-ring on the following Sunday.

THERE is an entertaining scene in the bull-ring when Eddie is practising with Max, a trained bull to whom he has only to whisper a magic (but very difficult!) Mexican word to make him pass safely to the right of the terrified tyro.

Then there is the big bull-fight "himself." These scenes were arranged by Sydney Franklyn, the only American who has ever achieved real success as a bull-fighter, both in Mexico and in Spain. We see him actually play a bull, with incredible courage. He has not the grace of some of the Latin matadors, but I have never seen one make his passes so close to the bull's horns.

Eddie Cantor's fight with the fiercest bull in the world, which has been substituted for Max by his enemies, is a riot of ridiculousness, not untouched by the thrill of apparent danger. Again and again the bull charges and misses him by a hair and then he begins to run. . . . Man and bull go round and round, inside and outside the ring. How that bull was taught to jump the barrier at the appointed moments, Heaven knows! Then one of the bull-fighters is wounded and rushed outside for treatment: a doctor steeps a towel in chloroform and hangs it over the barrier. Eddie seizes it in a last desperate effort to play the bull. With the chloroformed towel hanging over from his horn, the bull gracefully, in slow motion, goes down on his knees and falls over "dead," and "Don Sebastian II." is acclaimed the greatest bull-fighter of them all.

Utter nonsense? Very well. See that bull-fight without laughing and let me know about it! Eddie Cantor never misses an opportunity, never makes a false move and never dawdles over his own jokes.

Could you guess that this old lady is really Cicely Courtneidge? But she is, and is also very much herself in the British film, "Soldiers of the King," which had its London première at the New Gallery

Above: Sydney Franklin, the famous American Matador, and Eddie Cantor, who both appear in the film, "The Kid from Spain," which is being shown at the Adelphi, this theatre having caught the ever-spreading epidemic and "gone movie"

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

Photograph by Cannons of Hollywood

MISS ISABEL JEANS wears an unusual cocktail or cinema gown designed by Peggy Morris. It is carried out in aquamarine heavy wool crêpe and has a chiffon blouse of the same colour

Scaioni, Paris

Short Coats for Longer Days

SPRING suits are, like our spring climate, variable. They can dispose briefly of their jackets, like the Maggy Rouff costume shown in the photograph above, where a short navy blue bolero only partially covers a red and white striped jumper. The latter has a roll collar, and over its long, tight-fitting sleeves navy blue gloves are wrinkled. On the right a dark green angora suit from H. J. Nicoll has a coat neatly buttoned and belted and broad, padded shoulders, while the figure next to it shows a Schiaparelli ensemble whose jacket is little more than a length of the material set in cartridge pleats on to immensely wide shoulder trays. The blouse beneath is of navy and white crêpe

Innumerable frills adorn our evening gowns

THE COUNTESS de la FALAISE wears a lovely evening gown of white cotton tulle, designed by Chanel, which has an immensely full skirt trimmed by gathered flounces. Its short jacket has a foamy collar of frills, and more frills encircle and run down the long sleeves

Photo by Chanel

Clothes and the Man

By A. H. Adair

ALTHOUGH foreigners have made vast strides in the matter of men's clothes during the last few years—even a young Englishman can remember the narrow, pointed boots, the high, stiff collars and queerly-cut ties which used to give such a fantastic appearance to Continental men—they still look definitely to London for the final word on matters of style.

They realise, no doubt, that while their own cities abound with excessively " smart " clothes, it is extremely difficult for them to attain that subtle air of careless, easy perfection which is, so to speak, the birthright of a well-dressed Englishman. They know, too, that nowhere else in the world can be found the perfect materials to be chosen at an English tailor's shop ; rich treasures of Shetlands, camel-hair cloths and machine-made homespuns stretch out on the tailors' counters, repeated and multiplied in an almost bewildering range of pattern and shade.

It is, therefore, difficult to imagine an improvement in this happy state of perfection, for, with all our advantages in the matter of cut and materials, it would be almost impossible to go wrong. The development and progress, then, must be made in definite directions to meet a specific demand, and there can be no doubt that this is more than ever for ready-to-wear clothing.

In the shop of Austin Reed alone it is possible to collect, in one visit, clothes to wear for every possible occasion, with all their necessary accessories. From a boot-lace to a hat-box, everything is there, and it is all so quickly arranged that even the most hurried traveller can afford to waste a little time and give himself up to the pure pleasure of looking at things.

Perhaps one of the most striking " creations " is their Deck Suit. This delightful and eminently practical garment was designed specially for the lucky male passenger on a cruising liner, though its advantages as an every-day indoor costume are numerous.

Made of a soft but solid cashmere, the trousers are cut loosely enough to have all the comfort of a pyjama, yet retaining a definite and shapely trouser line, gathered into the waist on a comfortable elastic band. The jacket falls almost to the knee, and the collar, finished with a neat roll, can be worn either open or closed, in which case a tie or muffler is unnecessary. The suit is carried out in various patterned shades, but the smartest effect is produced in a plain self colour.

Ready-to-wear shirts have always presented a problem, the difficulties of which are easy to understand. The main " points of contact " must be, of course, of standard size ; the neck-band, sleeve length and measurement from collar-band to shoulder are usually well proportioned, but the average ready-made shirt is apt to be cut on such full lines (allowing for the variety of shapes which it must cover) that the general effect is usually that of a rather straight and shapeless bag.

The makers of the " K and P " shirt, bearing all these disadvantages in mind and most successfully overcoming them, have created that very rare thing, a ready-made shirt which has all the comforts of the most perfectly cut, made-to-measure garment. The body of the shirt is cut to fit the waist, and the sleeves, finished with a button above the cuffs, are properly joined on to them with the material evenly and smoothly gathered in to the cuffs, giving absolute freedom to wrist movement without any dragging of the sleeve itself. The collar-band is another clever feature, designed as it is to hold the collar so closely in place that any amount of tugging at the tie will not slide it out of place.

But apart from all these practical advantages, there are the real luxuries of workmanship. The linen-finished buttonholes, the tie-slip, solidly made in the same stuff as the shirt, and the rich, soft material out of which the shirt is cut all combine to make it a landmark in the history of ready-made clothing.

Yes, there can be no doubt that every day and in every way Englishmen dress better and better, and as to the old saying that a man's wardrobe is a dull affair, well, we are not quite so sure about that

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Books of the Week

Denis Gwynn's "De Valera": By "Ericus"

LET us be fair and allow that in these hard times a politician is entitled to all the good luck that 's going. But even Mr. de Valera's best friends will admit that he has had considerably more than his share. Look at his record. Or, better still, read *De Valera* (Jarrolds; 12*s.* 6*d.*), a lucid, compact, and singularly unbiased biography by Denis Gwynn. "Seldom has any public man been helped so consistently by accidental good fortune." Let me give you examples of the smiles of the fickle goddess.

WE first meet de Valera, politically unfledged, one of the five Battalion Commanders at the time of the Easter Rebellion of 1916. For their part in the rebellion the other four were shot, but not de Valera. He was an American citizen! He was imprisoned with the rest of the Sinn Fein leaders, and when dissensions arose and unity of command was decided upon, the obvious choice for generalissimo was the senior surviving Volunteer—de Valera. "It is to this trifling chain of events that the later emergence of de Valera as leader of the new Irish movement was primarily due." Later, over his repudiation of the English Treaty, he fell foul of his two fellow-members of the great Irish triumvirate, Collins and Griffith. Griffith's health broke down and he died suddenly on August 12th, 1922, and a few days later Collins was ambushed and assassinated at Macroom. And again de Valera was left high and dry. Time and again his political opponents have played into his hands, and time and again England has made a conciliatory gesture when he was faced by a diplomatic impasse. Finally, when he was returned to office in 1932, he found awaiting him not only the International Eucharistic Congress, with all the reflected glory of its immense moral and spiritual appeal, but also the temporary Presidency of the League of Nations Assembly, which, after ten years, it had become Ireland's turn to supply, and, incidentally, a very good job he made of it. No wonder he is the idol of a happy-go-lucky people, and that despite his propensity for flattening corns in all directions, for he is no respecter of persons. A baffling man, indeed. Austere, dogmatic and jealous, ingenious in argument to the point of casuistry, a dominating but uninspiring orator, a patriot, certainly, with a forceful personality and a sublime belief in himself—"I have only to look into my own heart to discover the desire of the Irish people." Yet he is the perfect example of a man who had greatness thrust upon him. It remains to be seen if he deserves it.

Sir Barry Jackson

A portrait by Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A., which is the frontispiece to the book, "Barry Jackson and the London Theatre" (Barker; 21s. net), by G. W. Bishop, with a Foreword by Charles B. Cochran, illustrated from the designs of Paul Shelving, which is reviewed on this page

IN his foreword to *Barry Jackson and the London Theatre* (Barker; 21*s.*), Mr. C. B. Cochran says: "This book is a record of achievement in the theatre unequalled by any other manager since the war." Which is nice of him, when you come to think of it. The author, Mr. G. W. Bishop, is an outstanding personality in the dramatic world, critic, historian, and, last, but not least, ambassador, as he showed by his prodigies of valour and diplomacy during the recent *Jolly Roger* imbroglio. He gives us a frank, critical, yet appreciative commentary on the ten years of Sir Barry's West End management, his Malvern Festivals, and, of course, his Birmingham Repertory Theatre. What an imposing list of plays they make: *The Immortal Hour, Back to Methuselah, The Farmer's Wife, Yellow Sands, Bird in Hand, Six Characters in Search of an Author, The Apple Cart, The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* and *Evensong,* to name only a few of them. And then there were the Shakespearean plays in modern guise. I still remember my bewilderment at the sight of a Macbeth in the tabs and trappings of a khaki-clad Staff officer! But Hamlet was a different matter; the play gained by its modern treatment. It is a reflection on our theatrical taste that this standard can only be maintained by a man whose wealth is commensurate with his ideals. Mr. Bishop's book is studded with Shavianisms, informative details of play-production, and courteous appreciations of the work of the various actors under the Barry Jackson banner. Dramatic critics are not always so punctilious.

SEX looms larger and larger in modern American fiction. Mr. Ernest Caldwell fairly wallows in it in *God's Little Acre* (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*). His story concerns a Georgia farming family, father—a cross between something from Rabelais and a primitive, a very primitive, Methodist preacher—his three sons and son-in-law, and his two daughters and daughter-in-law, the latter maidens of outstanding beauty, everything being peaches down in Georgia. There you have the cast for a full-blooded sexual free-for-all, the second son, Will, playing the lead with unexampled vigour, against a black-and-white background provided by two negroes and an albino, and with dialogue of the call-a-spade-a-something-shovel species. Good, strong, back-to-nature stuff, but unlikely to find a place in the Rectory library.

"THE GREAT DAY," by Georgette Carneal (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a far more solid affair—four hundred and forty nine pages of fairly small print—in the Dreiser-Sinclair Lewis tradition. Its theme is the struggle for economic survival in modern New York, its protagonists the employees of a sensational newspaper, and its setting the conventional one of big business, speak-easies, and petting parties. Sex again predominates, so much so that I frequently forgot which sweetie was whose, but Miss Carneal succeeds in painting a stark and poignant picture of these unhappy slaves of Moloch, loathing their squalid jobs and praying for deliverance.

"PINK PARADE," by J. B. Booth (Thornton and Butterworth; 15*s.*), is less a volume of reminiscences than a compendium of stories and experiences of London's Bohemia in the far-off days when beer was beer, and fourpence a pint at that, and "We won't go home till morning" was a statement of fact and not the vocal vaunt of respectable citizens who have every intention of catching the last bus. If you want to explore Edwardian London, the London of the Music Hall (genuine) and the National Sporting Club, of "Pitcher" and Phil May, of silk hats, pearlies, and—hush!—corsets, here it all is, swift and sparkling and tumbling over itself in its eagerness for expression.

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Women's Golf

Foursomes and Roehampton

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Cecil Leitch playing an iron shot in the Kent Playing Fields Open Mixed Foursomes

Below left: Lady Corry talking to her partner, A. Peacock. Below, right: L. Bates, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Brown, and Captain L. B. Stevens, all competitors in the Kent Playing Fields Open Mixed Foursomes

Kent Playing Fields Open Mixed Foursomes

Dear Bystander—

First of all, the London Foursomes at Worplesdon, which I had started to deal with when press day descended upon us. The significance there seems to be: once a good foursome player, always a good foursome player, and that, contrariwise, two fine golfers do not necessarily mean a good pair. Thorndon Park's win at Worplesdon was expected; I picked them myself. Mrs. Percy Garon always seems to be one of the very best foursome players in the whole of the British Isles (selection committees, please note!). Nobody wins the Spring Medal Foursomes three times, as she has done, without real inspiration for that form of the game. And Miss Winn, though she can be possessed of a lightning hook, and varies brilliant putting with bad, is another great foursome golfer.

At all events, Mrs. Garon's and Miss Winn's placid trust in each other was good to see, and after the first morning, they never looked like losing. I know Berkshire took them to the 20th, but Thorndon had the whip-hand and would have been unlucky to lose; of that I am convinced. Don't you know that feeling when you watch a match, whatever the figures or even the position may be? In the third round, for example, Banstead Downs' brave pair, Mrs. Crosthwaite and young Miss Halsted, halved hole after hole with Thorndon—thirteen out of sixteen to be exact—but there was never any real doubt who would win, and I felt the same in the afternoon, when Thorndon played Berkshire. Mind you, there were plenty of thrills, because Mrs. V. G. Davies, who was one representative, is in great form this year, and Mrs. Mellor, who was the other, putted beautifully, but there was an indefinable something which meant Thorndon were the right winners.

There were two other pairs playing well that afternoon, Porters Park, who beat Sunningdale on the last green, and Addington, who dealt with South Herts to the tune of 9 and 7. Camberley, the other winning club, had a good 6 and 5 victory over South Herts, but Miss Gourlay and Miss Chambers are two fine players who, somehow, seem unable to make a fine pair.

That was certainly the case the next morning in their semi-final against Addington, who beat them by 4 and 3. Until things were practically hopeless, Camberley never found anything like their proper individual form. Mrs. Guedalla and Mrs. Fish, on the other hand, played well. Thorndon had a 6 and 5 win from Porters Park. Miss Jean Forsyth played some beautiful golf, but Mrs. Hill Wood, who was Miss Mary Martin Smith, could not arrive at a long game to match her short. Nor was the wind and the rain the place to find it in.

By the afternoon conditions were even worse, when we saw Thorndon quite outplaying Addington, and also with the run of the green definitely in their favour. I don't say that it turned the match, but the stymies against Addington at the 5th and the 8th were both real hard luck, because Mrs. Fish had played a magnificent shot up to the hole with a No. 2 iron at the 5th, and an equally masterly long putt at the 8th. Nor was there all that difference in merit between her drive at the 9th, which found a ghastly place on the brink of the ditch, and Miss Winn's, which lay comparatively clear amongst the trees much farther off the right line.

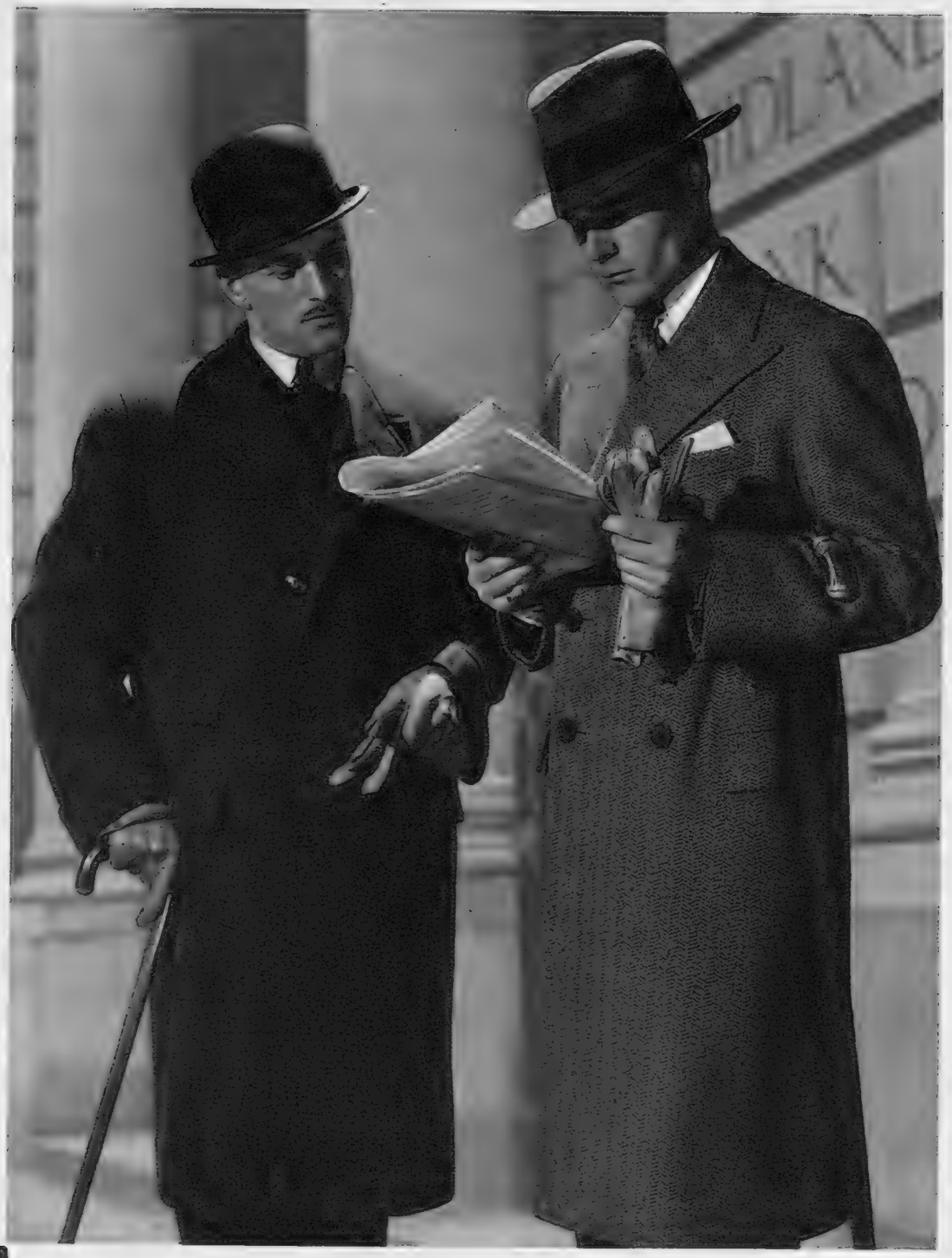
But there! if everybody got their exact deserts golf would be a comparatively dull game, and I should have nothing to write about. Mrs. Garon's excellent putt at the 9th, when Miss Winn had been a real sinner from within half a dozen yards of the pin, left no doubt about her determination to get back to a fire and dry clothes as speedily as might be. It was bad enough slogging down the 11th into the teeth of the wind—it's amazing how you miss a man partner at Worplesdon—but, at least, the match finished on the 13th, 7 and 5 for Thorndon, so that we were spared something, and it no more than represented the difference in the two sides as they played that afternoon. Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, of course, ran the event perfectly. She may be a full-blown practising barrister, but, mercifully, she has acquired no red-tape habits.

Weather was not very much better the next day at Roehampton for the Gold Cup open meeting, and that Miss Ramsden, Miss Livingstone and Miss Gourlay all returned 81 for the Cup spoke really well for their golf. Probably it was quite right that the winner of the tie (after two more ties with Miss Livingstone) should be Miss Ramsden, if only for the sheer pluck of her in carrying her own clubs on such a day, and round a course which she had never seen till then. She and Miss Livingstone both played really sound golf, Miss Livingstone right inside her figures, which, like Miss Ramsden's, were 43 out, 38 home. Her golf has come on with a bound this year, and Surrey II. are justly proud of her, as Middlesex II. are of Miss Ramsden. Miss Gourlay was out in 42, and thereafter went very strongly except for three putts at the 16th and 18th.

Miss Enid Wilson was a competitor until the badness of her figures and the weather combined drove her in. Initiation into squash rackets the day before may have had something to do with it, but after the first few holes she was playing well enough, only as if rather short of practice. In fact, it was a really distinguished field, and the young golfers who led it have very reason to be pleased with themselves. Miss Mervyn Barton (the elder of the two sisters who play in the Girls' Championship) carried off the Second Division handicap, and the Foursomes with Miss Fargus. We must look out for her at Stoke Poges in September.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.



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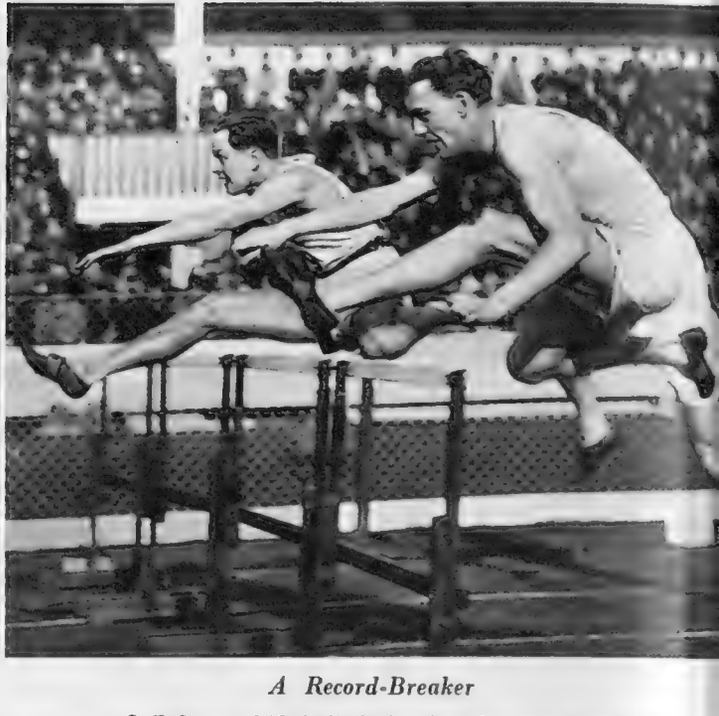
The Cotswold Hunt Point-to-Point

Miss Elizabeth Birchell and Miss Olivia Stanley, two of the spectators at the Cotswold Hunt Steeplechases at Noel Farm, near Cheltenham

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Lennox, at the Cotswold Point-to-Point, Mr. Gordon Lennox all booted and spurred for his ride round the course



A Record-Breaker

C. F. Stanwood (Oxford), furthest from the camera, clearing the last hurdle in the 120 yards' hurdles race and beating J. St. L. Thornton, the Cambridge President. Stanwood created a record by winning three events for Oxford

All sorts of important sporting events—if sporting events are ever really important—are scheduled for next Saturday, but the one I 'm chiefly worrying about is the Boat Race. "Worrying" is the word, and I can't help it; if Oxford lose again we shall read the usual stupid conjectures in the popular Press about decadence at the University, and they don't make pleasant reading.

At present the position appears to be that Oxford have a crew which would probably win in any normal year, which is satisfactory until we realise that Cambridge are likely to upset the apple-cart with a crew of quite phenomenal efficiency.

This is disturbing for the Oxford partisan, and even for the Cambridge enthusiast, who would almost welcome an Oxford victory to even up the balance. I may say, therefore, without evincing undue bias, that the situation has some hopeful aspects. To begin with, Cambridge may well be stale by the day of the race, and then they have chosen Freshmen in two vital positions. There is Frame-Thomson at stroke, and it is a nice point whether a Freshman can be sufficiently hardened physically for his job. Again, Wheeler, the Cambridge cox, is a Freshman, and I sometimes wonder whether it is generally realised how responsible and difficult a job the cox has in taking a crew over the Boat Race course.

Incidentally, it is most unfortunate that there should be so much in the luck of the toss. If the crews are at all evenly matched, the result of the race virtually depends upon the spin of the coin. The Surrey station crew has the advantage of the long bend after Harrods, and if we agree that this is worth approximately two lengths to them, they can then cross over and take the inside of the final bend under Barnes Bridge.

Still, there it is, and if Cambridge win the toss on Saturday we may send out for the sackcloth and ashes right away. In the meanwhile, Brigadier J. H. Gibbon has been bringing Oxford along splendidly, and it does seem that they may run right into form at the proper moment. The fact that they have been breaking some of the records set up by Harcourt Gold's 1897 crew doesn't mean much, for there was a great deal of flood water coming down, and the ebb-tides

Some of the Cheery Competitors at the

Bracewell Smith and R. H. Brittain enjoying a joke after a round

R. F. Wells and R. O. Mobbs surveying the landscape and distant seascape at the tenth

A. C. Pope and A. B. Jacobs, with gesture, discussing the vital points of their round

R. C. Oliver chatting the intervals of play

SPORT with the LID OFF

By "Mark Over"

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

An International's Wedding

G. V. Stephenson, the famous Irish "Rugger" International, and Miss Mary Burns-Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, of Palace Gate, and formerly of Dundee, photographed after their wedding

have been exceptionally strong. It does suggest, however, that they are at least reasonably fast and well together. Holdsworth is a sound stroke, and he has undoubtedly had much to do with the development of leg-drive which has so much improved Oxford's chances.

IT 's an odd business, this pre-occupation with the Boat Race, but while we are talking of University sport, I heard something at Oxford the other day which I cannot help feeling is significant. It appears that there is considerable difficulty in arranging college Rugby football matches. Perhaps the arrangement is not so difficult, but when it comes to carrying out the fixtures, one college or the other very often scratches. Now, when I was up, it was an almost unheard-of thing to scratch a college match unless the weather made play impossible.

The reason for this epidemic of scratched fixtures to-day is that a great many undergraduates are forsaking team games for such easy-going pastimes as squash and golf. This sounds bad to me; it may be welcomed in some quarters as a proof that individualism is gaining ground, but when a youngster prefers the ease of squash to the rigours of Rugby football there is surely something seriously wrong.

A Case for the Steward?

P. H. G. Smith making a desperate effort to win the quarter-mile race at Stowe School Athletic Sports

THE mention of Rugby football brings me to another grouse. The patriarchs of the International Board sat in conference for hours before the Calcutta Cup match at Edinburgh, and at the end of it all announced that they had evolved a message of condolence to the family of the late Mr. Ernest Prescott. Very admirable, no doubt, but why did they not tell us that they had also discussed at great length the question of resuming fixtures with France?

That they had discussed France we all knew, for was not Mr. C. R. Rutherford present? Mr. Rutherford had come over specially from Paris—I spoke to him myself. But why should his mission be enshrouded in such mystery? As a matter of fact, despite various rumours, matters advanced hardly at all. It was felt that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant a resumption of fixtures, and the position is to be reviewed again next year.

I should have thought, myself, that there was plenty of evidence to prove that fixtures should not be renewed with France. The Disciplinary Commission out there have suspended over a hundred players in the last few weeks, and several clubs have been disqualified from taking part in the National Championship. Moreover, M. Edouard Luze, a member of the Disciplinary Committee, has sent in an appeal for cleaning up the game which states that "hidden payments continue in the great majority of our teams." The truth is that (*a*) we cannot resume relations with France until the National Championship over there is abolished; (*b*) we need some new blood on the International Board. There are no representatives of post-war Rugby football on the Board—indeed, the Board are about thirty years out of date. This is manifestly absurd, but it does explain a great deal.

Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy at Felixstowe

F. Branwhite in incidents in play

D. H. Clarke and Hugh J. Jones photographed at the first tee before starting play

W. C. Cordy and C. B. Nixon find the weather to their liking. Hats off to it!

C. W. Packe and R. Bayley waiting to drive off from the twelfth tee

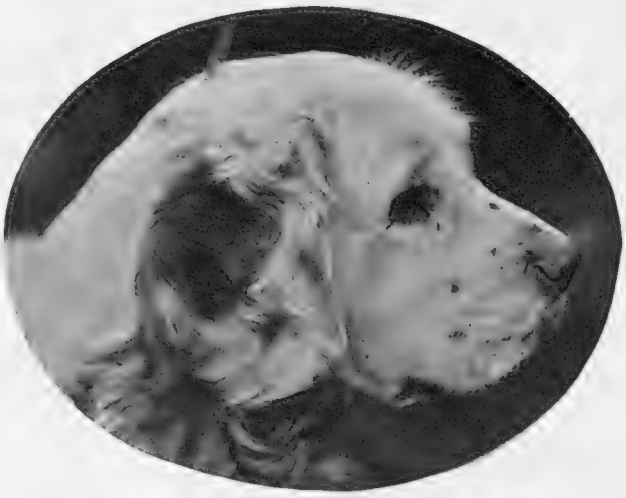
The Doggy World

". . . with Nature, the Dear Old Nurse": By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS is moulting time and slack time, and dogs look thin and appear listless and often out of sorts.

I do think it is advisable to give your dog a little change of diet and perhaps a little extra meat at this time, but beyond this I should never go. Nature intends animals to be a bit "down" in the spring time. A wild animal has gone all through the hard winter; it is also mating, and altogether it is a pretty thin and rakish-looking object about this season of the year. But Nature works in cycles, and I am certain that it is fatal to interfere with her arrangements.

She means a dog to cast its coat and to be a little below par, and if you start fussing and feeding it up, you defeat her ends and she will revenge herself upon you. The ordinary dog will come through its "low" state and emerge all the better for it in summer bloom and health. Why give a tonic? Let the animal find its own tonic in the sunshine and the wild grasses, and, if you live in a town, take your dog to the country when you go off for week-ends.



Mr. Dick Shaw's clumber spaniel, Aukwear Ripper, was shown last week at the Manchester Dog Society's Show at Belle Vue Gardens, and was awarded a championship and two firsts

I HAVE learned a valuable lesson lately about leaving Nature to herself, and I should be interested if any of my readers have any views on the subject. My Susie, now five years old, had one litter at two years old and I did not let her have another. In common with most show-dog breeders, I fed her up before the puppies were born, fed her very well while she was nursing them, and then, when they were three months old and she was looking (as is usual) like a rake, I fed her up again. The result is that, to-day, she is much too fat, and has had to have a course of treatment for her liver. The vet. says that she must have another litter this year, and I am sure he is right. She must have another litter, and she shall recoup afterwards according to Nature's ideas and not according to mine. We are always trying to be too clever, and then we do no good with our dogs.

THE average and sensibly treated dog is not so very far removed from the dog of ten thousand years ago. He is a little more civilised, that is all. If you feed your dog on dry biscuit and raw meat, give him plenty of exercise and sleep, Nature will see to her child and look after him, and when he or she gets thin and "down" for a natural reason, it is folly to interfere.

If you are a person who takes your dogs to shows, it is, of course, inconvenient for you to have your exhibit look out of sorts, but even then it pays you in the end not to hurry things and to forgo using unnatural stimulants and tonics. I would rather keep my dog out of the ring. The ordinary one-dog owner has not even the temptation of the show-ring, and he can afford to let the dog live its natural existence. The longer I live the more I am certain that the closer we stick to nature with our animals, the healthier they will be (doubtless this applies to ourselves, also).

Sometimes I am a backslider, but I always pay for it—or, rather, poor Sue and S'Alfie and Finsie do, and I find that in the end, old Mother Nature knows best.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

Five crack shots who will compete to-night at the Floodlight Clay Pigeon Shooting Tournament at the White City: Major H. G. Eley, Irish international; Mr. T. H. Hughes, Welsh international; Mr. C. B. Bass, and Major H. R. Northover, English international; and Mr. C. Lucas, captain of the English international team from 1929 to 1932

THE first closing date for the Derby, that great classic race which is run at the White City, is at noon on April 1st, after which double entry fees must be paid. The first heats of the race itself will be run off on Saturday, June 10th, and the final is on the 24th of that month. Derby night is certainly the greatest night of the greyhound racing year, and nothing demonstrates the tremendous popularity of greyhound racing more than the enormous success of that great classic run annually at the White City. The race was instantaneously successful, surprisingly so in view of the fact that the first race for the classic was run only a little more than a year after the first track had been opened in this country. Nearly 80,000 people attended that first evening on which the race was run at the White City.

Interest continues to grow—in fact, even before the annual entry forms are sent out, three months in advance of the date of the race, people are talking of prospects; and the Derby has made and marred the reputation of dogs which can now claim to be personages not merely in the greyhound racing world, but also throughout Great Britain. There are many who have never attended a greyhound racing track yet who know the name of Mick the Miller. In fact, there are very few people to whom that name means nothing at all. Last Derby night, Mick the Miller was the centre of interest when past winners of the race were paraded round the track previous to the actual 1932 race itself. Mick the Miller took the public's fancy, not because he was the fastest dog on the tracks of his time—which is very doubtful—but because he won his races through almost uncanny intelligence. He was quicker to see an opening than many human beings, placed in similar circumstances, would have been, and quicker to take advantage of it. If he walks round a track to-day, the public is eager to respond to this astonishing personality, and if he is advertised even as being shown on the track, literally thousands come only to see him. It may be said that Mick appreciates this devotion on the part of the greyhound racing public, for on show he enjoys every minute; in fact, he goes so far as to show his pleasure at the adulation which he undoubtedly provokes. Mick is never happier than when on a track. He showed last Derby night that he wanted to get back into a trap and race, and in that little incident perhaps lies the proof that dogs love racing.

THIS year Wild Woolley is the hero of the crowd. He won the event last year, beating Future Cutlet rather unexpectedly in the final. I will remind my readers that I prophesied a victory for Wild Woolley in the face of the hot enthusiasm which the many successful activities of Future Cutlet had evoked. But whether I can give you the winner of this year's race is as doubtful as is the truth of the law of averages. However, I may attempt to find the winner in some future article.

For the moment let me content myself with mentioning the names of Goopy Gear, Future Cutlet again, Mick the Mouler, Lutwyche, and possibly Dunsland. From this short list the winner may well be found.

DUNSLAND is an interesting entry and is proving himself the popular outsider for the Derby. He is, at the time of writing, quoted at 25 to 1, but during this week money has been steadily laid on him, so that he is supported to win more than a thousand pounds by the clients of one out of the many bookmakers. Curiously enough, his price is shorter than that of Elsell, who, again at the time of writing, is returned at 33's, but who had a narrow victory over Dunsland at the White City recently in a match. Money has also been placed on Rathmollyon, a Warrington greyhound that is being specially prepared for the race.

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Air Races and Rallies for 1933 : By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Flying Season Opens

THE Annual General Meeting of the Royal Aero Club, which is the controlling body for sporting flying in this country, is being held at 119, Piccadilly to-night, and an ambitious programme of events is promised for this season. There will be an Air Rally at Algiers from the 14th to the 23rd of next month, organised by the Aero Club of France. Visiting pilots will be supplied with free fuel for the whole of the tour in North Africa, whilst hotel accommodation, including meals, is promised at a maximum price of 85 francs a day. From May 16th to the 21st, an International Rally, including an Alpine flight, will take place at Vienna. The first big event in England is the Display arranged by the Guild of Air Pilots at Brooklands, which is booked for May 20th. The *Morning Post* Race from Heston is being held on June 5, and the Household Brigade's Meeting at the same aerodrome on June 7th. The Royal Air Force Display is at Hendon on June 24th, the King's Cup Race at Hatfield on July 8th, and the annual race from London to Newcastle on August 12th. The Municipal Airport for Liverpool, which was selected and planned by Sir Alan Cobham, will be opened officially on July 1st with an Air Pageant. Meetings on the Continent, of interest to private owners and Club members from England, include the race for the Coupe Deutsch de la Meurthe, starting from Étampes on May 28th; the International Meeting at Brussels on June 11; the Air Display at Rotterdam on July 2nd and 3rd; and the Rally at Dieppe on July 17th. Pilots are requested by the Air Ministry to refrain from flying over the Boat Race Course on April 1st at a lower altitude than 2000 feet, and to note that left-hand circuits will be the order of the day.

Pilots of the County of London Territorial Squadron discussing the Hawker "Hart" machines with which they have been re-equipped this year. From left to right: Flight-Lieut. Brian Thynne, Flight-Lieut. R. G. Shaw, D.F.C., Flying-Officer R. Holland, and Flight-Lieut. J. J. Parkes, who is on the staff at Heston. The "Hart" has a top speed of 180 miles per hour

Left: an Italian "Breda 33," and Gipsy engine with which Dr. L. Robiano, an Italian private owner, proposes flying to Australia. The present record of eight days twenty hours is held by Mr. C. W. A. Scott, who used a Gipsy Moth

A Film of the African Route

CINEMATOGRAPHY from the air has not been considered a hobby which could be followed with success by an amateur, but Mr. Woods Humphery, who is managing director of Imperial Airways, has shown that this is not the case, for his film taken on a recent flight to Cape Town, and shown privately at Airway Terminus, contains some of the best interior "shots" and views through a cabin window that I have seen. The windows of the Handley-Page air liners do not open, adequate ventilation being provided by means of adjustable louvers, so that the quality of the talc, or whatever substance is used, must be superior to ordinary window glass to enable such excellent pictures to be taken without distortion. The film would be most useful for any lecture on our air routes, and secretaries of Clubs and Schools might be able to hire a copy for this purpose. Incidentally, the Imperial service to and from Paris, operated each evening at 5 o'clock and reaching the termini at 7.15, is proving most popular. Landings are made after dark with the aid of floodlights or flares, and there is a distinct contrast between the equipment at Croydon and Le Bourget, the lights at the Paris end being much less efficient. Pilots are hoping that some part of the £800,000 being spent at the Paris Terminus during the next two years will be devoted to lighting, for the safety of night flying depends very largely on giving pilots the maximum amount of light for their landings.

'Planes for the Owner-Pilot

AT the end of this month, the Comper Aircraft Company will establish its headquarters at Heston, where a new factory has been built to produce the "Swift." Mr. Victor Smith came within a hundred or so miles of Cape Town in his attempt to lower the record time for the journey from England, and his failure is no reflection on the "Swift" or its "Pobjoy" engine, which ran faultlessly throughout this gruelling trip. The machine, when fitted with a Gipsy III. engine, has a top speed of 160 miles an hour, and is probably the cheapest racing aircraft on the market. The "Gull," designed and flown by Captain Percival, is having a considerable success with a Napier Six installed, and the "Monospar," with two "Pobjoy" motors, is another owner-pilot's machine that is selling well. A pilot in the French Army has bought one for a flight to Tokio, which seems a favourite rendezvous for foreigners, yet strangely neglected by British pilots. Apart from the journeys of the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, by "Bluebird," and Mrs. Mollison, by "Moth," Japan seems to have been off the map for our machines, which is a pity, because a big market for aircraft exists in both China and Japan. Very little has been heard of the "Meteor," built by Blackburn's to the general ideas of the late Sir Henry Segrave. It appeared about the same time as the first "Monospar," which it resembles in size, cabin arrangements, and in having two engines. One has been sold recently for a business flight to Cape Town. New "Autogiros" in production include: a five-seater for the Air Ministry; a two-seater being built at Hanworth with the latest form of control from a pivoted rotor; and a single-seater which has been under construction in Glasgow for Air-Commodore J. G. Weir.

CARS with a Personality

By the Earl of Cardigan

THE R.A.C. Rally having been much in the news of late, it is of interest to note that the "Torquay" saloon, mounted on a 10-h.p. Crossley chassis, is so named in memory of the successes which a similar model won in the 1932 event. That these honours were well earned is beyond doubt, for this little car, besides having more than ordinary good looks, is a quite remarkable performer on the road.

There is no denying the smart appearance of the Crossley "Ten." The "lines" of this "Torquay" saloon are very graceful, although interior comfort has by no means been neglected

Hardly less striking is the front view, a metal stone-guard being a feature of the new radiator. The useful width of the front doors is also to be noted

The 10-h.p. Crossley "Torquay" Model

The driving position is comfortable, and the controls well placed. The unusual hand-grip opposite the front passenger is a new feature which is of real help in getting in and out

For 1933, the 10-h.p. engine has, I think, gained both in silence and smoothness, while retaining all its former liveliness. It is capable of high "revs"; but it achieves them in a particularly pleasant manner, and is free from vibration and "fuss" throughout its entire range. Its acceleration is excellent, and, although the gear-box is intended to be used, there is no lack of flexibility.

THE maximum speed in top gear (which would have been unthinkable only a few years ago) is around 70 m.p.h. Better still, the comfortable cruising speed is hardly less than 60 m.p.h., while a mere 50 m.p.h. seems a modest pace. In third gear, the Crossley even more deserves the reputation of a fast car, for it can do 55, and will climb very happily at over 40 m.p.h.

Altogether, where 10 h.p. cars are concerned, I do not know where I should look for anything faster. Not only can high figures be recorded, but the ordinary driver can "get over the ground" without feeling that he is imposing any undue strain either upon himself or his machine.

Right: the luggage trunk is built on sensible and admirably capacious lines. When the back of it is lowered in this way, there is room for any number of bulky packages

Below: the back seat of a small car does not always provide genuine comfort; but here there are no complaints to be made, and the central arm-rest is a convenient asset

GOOD road-holding, as always, plays an important part in this connection. The springing is above the average, and the steering is very good indeed. It may be a personal fad, but I do not greatly care for the low-geared steering which I have found in certain recent small cars. I dislike having to turn the wheel round two or three times on every right-angled corner, and I can never find any real advantage to compensate for this. In the Crossley, the steering is reasonably high-geared, good for cornering, and as light as one can wish.

The braking is powerful and smooth, and inspires perfect confidence. Altogether, one's impressions in driving are not those commonly associated with a very small car, but rather with one of quite substantial size and solid build.

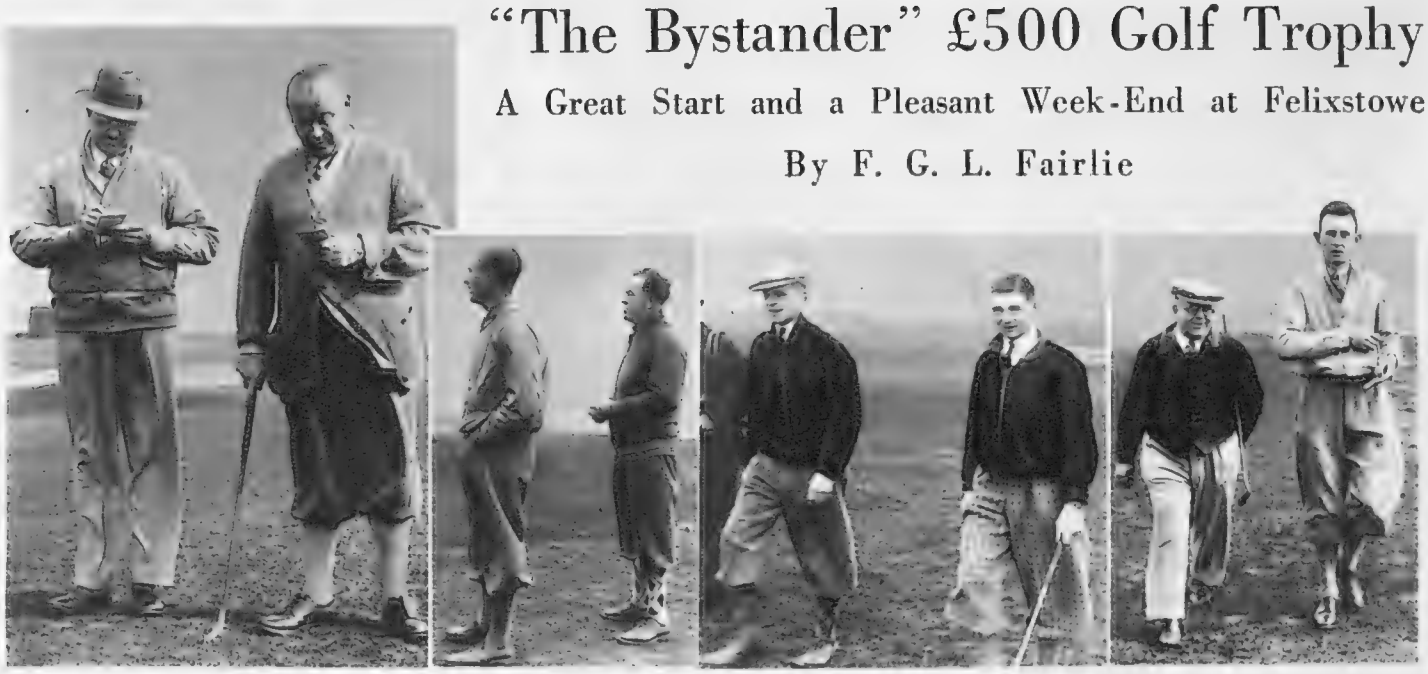
THE coachwork is admirable, having very pleasant lines, combined with a most creditable degree of seating comfort. The front seats provide ample leg-room, so that the driver can sit at his ease, while the back seat is spacious enough to escape any serious criticism. Four full-grown people can genuinely be accommodated — which is by no means always the case in small alleged "four-seater" bodies. The rear luggage trunk adds to the car's appearance, and is sufficiently well arranged to be a really useful asset.

At £325, the "Torquay" model is reasonably, if not cheaply priced. It is built for the more discriminating light-car user, who should not fail to appreciate its many obvious attractions.

"The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

A Great Start and a Pleasant Week-End at Felixstowe

By F. G. L. Fairlie



Some of the Competitors in "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Meeting at Felixstowe

Up from Somerset: W. S. Durnford and E. S. M. Poyntz making up their score

G. H. Richmond and S. Child at the 12th tee

H. J. Wilson and F. R. H. Tibbenham going to the 10th tee

L. B. Barrett and W. H. Lubbock on their way to the 9th green

I FIND it a little difficult to write my article this week, because it is all about ourselves of THE BYSTANDER and our £500 Trophy, which has just been so worthily won by L. B. Sanderson, at Felixstowe. Not being as gifted in writing in this vein as the Golf Correspondent of the *Times* when on the subject of Bernard Darwin, I will content myself by saying that, as far as we can tell, the Tournament has been the very greatest of successes, and I would like to thank all those who took the trouble to come, or write, to me and to the Editor to express their most complimentary feelings on the subject of how they had enjoyed themselves. On behalf of the Editor as well myself, we are more than pleased that so many people appear to have appreciated the tournament so much.

This year is the first in which the new conditions for THE BYSTANDER Trophy have come into force. Instead of mixed foursomes, professional and a lady in partnership, we have turned it into an open amateur handicap tournament. The qualifying round was over 18 holes, and, when played, the whole entry was then divided on the net returns into sections of eight. Each of these sections then played off by matches: the senior eight composed of the eight best returns being the Trophy Eight. This form of competition is popular in America, but has not, as far as I know, hitherto been tried out in this country, and, to judge by the way in which it was received, it seems to have been very much to the public taste.

THE weather conspired with the organisers to make the event a success. On the Saturday the sky was blue all day, and the sun shone down on the players in a manner which startled and surprised those who had read the weather report of the previous evening. We all woke up on the Sunday to find the rain falling in sheets, and a grey, overcast sky which promised no better things, at least, certainly not before lunch. The locals, however, remained optimistic, saying that at Felixstowe it never rains all day. The first few couples were compelled to start in the heavy rain, and for half an hour the local professional did a great trade in diving suits. But with incredible rapidity the unbelievable words of the locals were proved to be true, for the sky cleared, the sun came out, and—excepting for a short, sharp shower during the final, in the afternoon—the day could scarcely have been better. Felixstowe weather certainly did its best for THE BYSTANDER.

The course itself was in good order, and although it is on the short side, there are plenty of golf shots to be played. It had the reputation, when a nine-hole golf course, of being one of the finest nine-hole links in the world; and there are traces of this splendour even now that it has been extended to an eighteen-hole course. It has a great many holes which are but a drive and some sort of iron, yet they all have different characteristics, and each must be played well to get the par four.

THE qualifying round was noticeable, considering the excellence of the course, for the high scores returned. The best score was that of George Adams, of Aldeburgh, who returned a net 74, playing from scratch. Major A. L. Trundle (Felixstowe), Colonel H. Ward (The Naze), and G. H. Richmond, of Felixstowe, all returned net scores of 76; and the Trophy Eight was made up by four players with net returns of 77, these being L. B. Sanderson (Nairn), J. L. N. Pollock, W. J. Block, and S. Child, all of Felixstowe. Of the better-known players competing who did not qualify, Andrew McNair (plus one) just missed a 78; J. H. Beck (plus two) returned a 79; C. K. Cotton (plus one) and General Critchley (plus one), 81; and J. S. F. Morrison (scratch) 82. In the competition for the Trophy itself, Sanderson had an easy win in the first round over Child; but in the semi-final he had a close call. He should have holed a short putt on the 17th to make himself dormy against Colonel Ward, to whom he was conceding four shots. This he missed, however; but on the last green he was given another chance by a kindly Providence. He again failed on the putting green, this time from about 5ft. But at the 19th he made amends by holing a good putt, to win in a good four, after Colonel Ward had been bunkered off his second.

In the other semi-final, George Adams found a half too much to give J. L. N. Pollock, who undoubtedly is a match-winning twelve handicap player, in spite of only having played golf for two years, and, up to the present, not even having won a monthly spoon. I am prepared to wager that Pollock will be winning a spoon or two, if not something even more ornamental, in the very near future. In the final, Sanderson was too experienced for Pollock and won very comfortably. Sanderson was the back marker of the Trophy Eight, at plus one, and he was favourite for the event, for throughout the whole two days he played confident and beautiful golf. He has been known to a few of us for some time now as being right in the very first flight of amateur golfers; indeed, when the Walker Cup team was being chosen last year I did my best to give him as much publicity as possible in order that his claim should be considered. I have no doubts at all that his omission from that team was a mistake, and I hope to see him continue throughout the competitions of this year in the manner in which he has started at Felixstowe.

The second Eight was finally won by Sir Basil Eddis, of Aldeburgh, playing from a handicap of five, who had a narrow squeak in his semi-final match, only winning at the 19th hole against John Beck, but he defeated Andrew McNair in the final by five and four. McNair was perhaps a little unlucky in finding himself up against Eddis at his very best and in receipt of five strokes.

The third Eight was won by Major W. H. B. Mirrlees, of the Army Golfing Society, who disposed of three opponents by the narrowest possible margin in each case.

The fourth Eight was won by C. K. Cotton, of Stoke Poges, who defeated John Morrison in the final by four and three. The fifth Eight was won by A. C. Pope, of Felixstowe, who beat A. B. Jacobs by three and two. The sixth Eight was won by R. Tollemache, also of Felixstowe, who beat Captain H. C. Elton by four and three. The seventh Eight was won by W. H. Lewcock, of Rushmere, who beat N. S. Durnford, of Burnham and Berrow, by five and four. The eighth Eight was won by E. S. B. Gaffney, of the Royal Artillery Golfing Society; and the ninth Eight was very easily won by L. H. Whelpton, of The Naze.

TO these winners THE BYSTANDER offers its very hearty congratulations, and I would also like to thank John Beck, not only for myself, but also on behalf of the Editor, for providing one of the high-lights of the Tournament in doing the short eighth hole in the minimum number of strokes during one of his matches, and for having the honesty to confess to it rather than attempt to bribe silence from his opponent.

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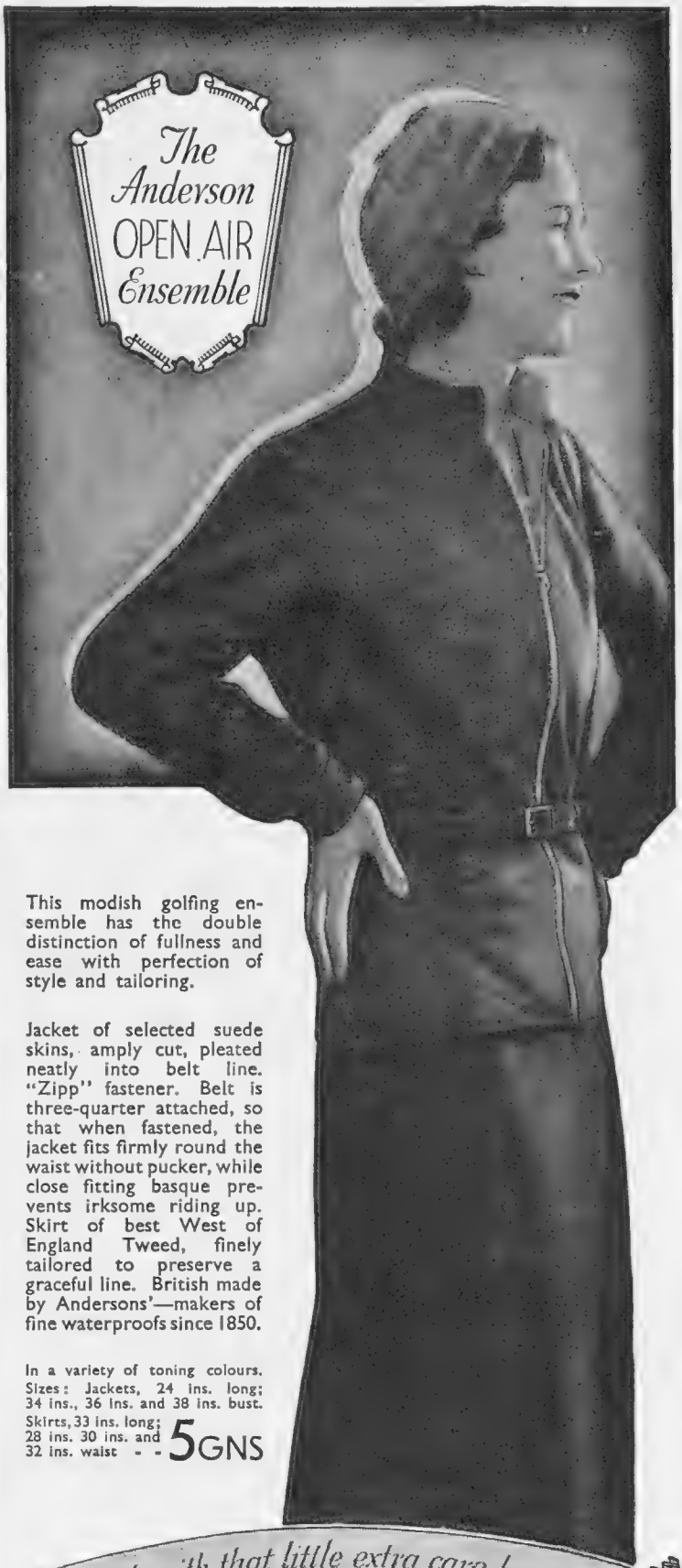

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To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Friday, April 7th, 1933.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*
L.G.U. Handicap.....
Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....
To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey with
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*
L.G.U. Handicap.....
Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....
Our opponents will be
Mrs. / *Miss* .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....
who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.
If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....
(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

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(11th Year)

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The Bystander headquarters will be The Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate, on bus route to Moortown. Inclusive terms for not less than three days, rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 14/- inner rooms, 15/- front rooms. With lunch and tea, 17/6 and 18/6. Free garage to residents.

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Lion House Private Hotel, West Park, Harrogate, on bus route. Full board residence, £3 3s. per week or 12/6 per day, including baths and after-dinner coffee. Partial board, 9/- per day.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Inclusive terms, all meals, room, baths, and after-dinner coffee, 22/- per day or 17/6 without lunch or tea.

Buses every fifteen minutes to and from Harrogate to Moortown: time, 36 minutes; fare, 2/3 return. Leeds to Moortown ditto: time, 12 minutes; fare, 8d. return.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1933, will be held at Moortown, near Leeds, by kind invitation April 25th, and following days.

Holders: MISS BERYL BROWN and MRS. BARBOUR.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N. P. F. A. Competition (2nd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MISS ESTHER BLACK.

In conjunction with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, will be held by the courtesy of the Club at Sand Moor G. C., adjoining Moortown, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Two shillings entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A., 25% to the Yorkshire West Riding Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 25th, to Friday, April 28th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and by 12.30 p.m. on the Friday.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Sand Moor G. C., may decide.

MOORTOWN — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Eleventh Year)

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"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Moortown, near Leeds, on April 25th, 1933, and following days.

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Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

WASH and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a stewpan with one tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast.

Lamb Cutlets in Tomato Jelly

BOIL or braise the best end of a neck of lamb, and when cold trim into cutlets. Mix together equal parts of tomato sauce and aspic jelly, and mask the cutlets with this when almost cold, and leave them to set. Serve the cutlets round a macédoine of vegetables with mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with cut-up aspic and slices of tomato.

French Bean Salad

BOIL the beans whole, drain and dry them on a cloth; when quite cold, place in a bowl and pour over them some salad oil, shake some black pepper over them and a small amount of salt, then drop over them a few drops of the best wine vinegar (or tarragon vinegar, if preferred).

Bavarois de Mocha

MAKE a custard with 1 gill of strong coffee, a gill of milk, and three yolks of eggs, and strain it into a basin. Melt ¾-oz. of leaf gelatine with a little coffee, and strain it into the custard. Whip ½-pint of cream and stir in. When the cream is just beginning to set, turn it into the mould, and put on ice for some hours till required.

The Editor's Box

Parodies "Re-Bottled"

One of the most amusing collection of brief and witty parodies is the series of "Play-Titles Bottled by Worthington," which have now been running for over five years, and are still as popular as ever. From time to time these have been "re-bottled" in book form, in response to the requests of the many admirers of the humour of Mr. R. J. Bailey, the perpetrator of them. He has now produced nearly a hundred of these entertaining plagiarisms; his clever drawing and ingenious ideas go on from strength to strength. The latest re-bottling has just taken place, and a copy of the new book may be had free, by writing to Worthington and Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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Address .....
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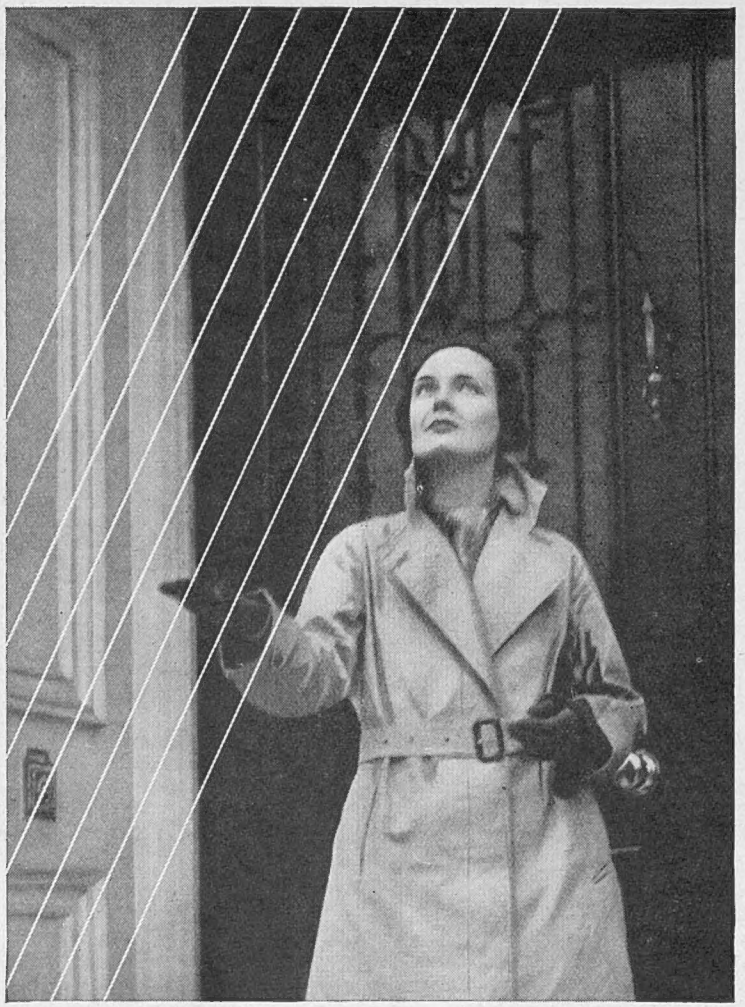

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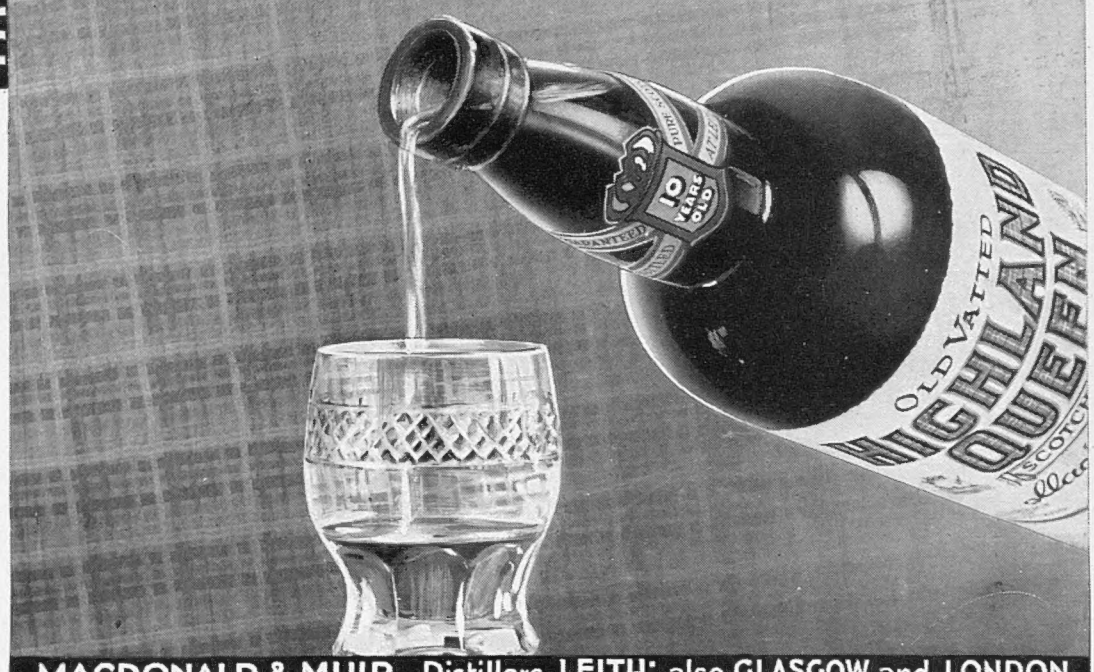

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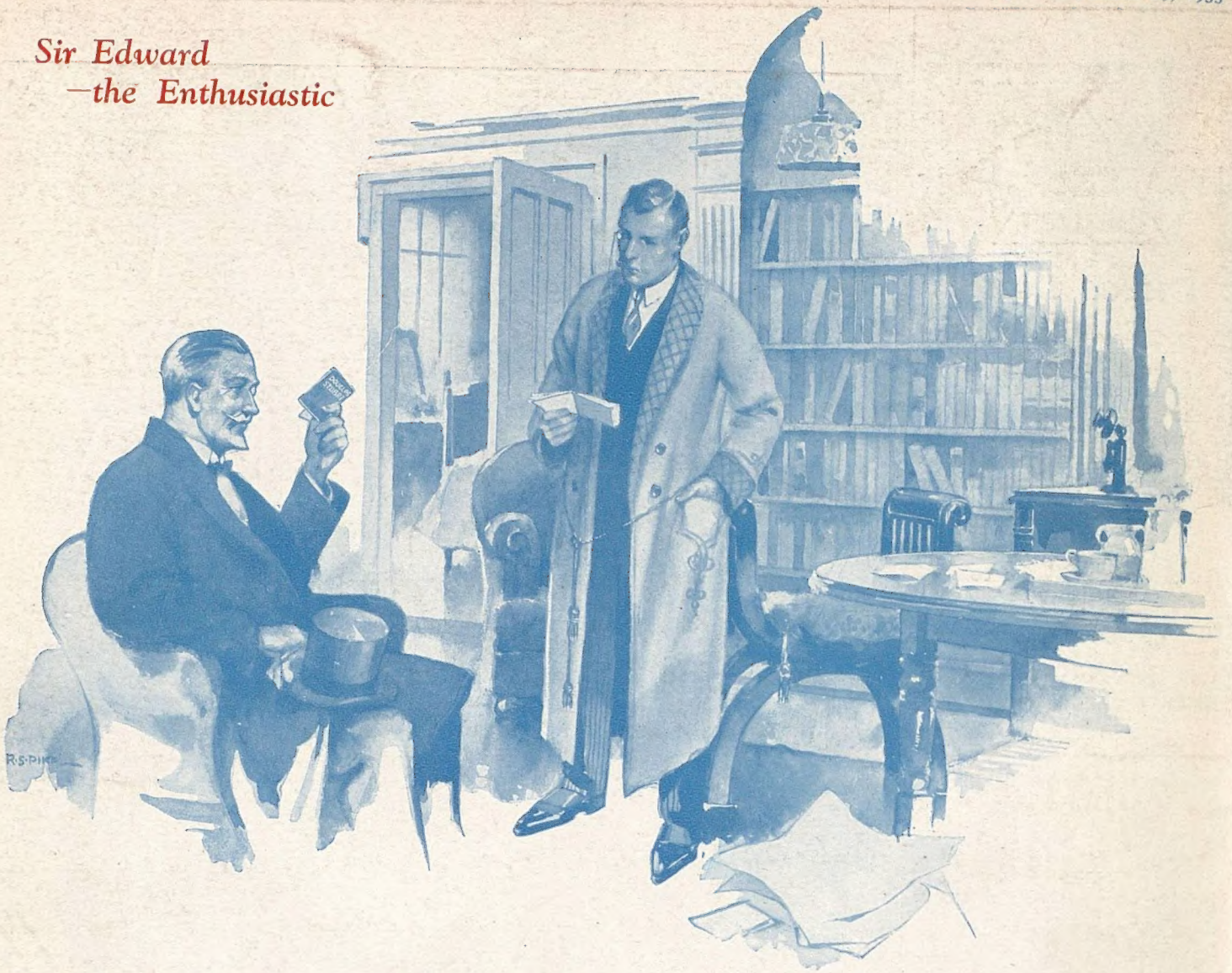
Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic



Comparisons—a "bottle" wager

Colonel : "I 'll grant, in the old days, Ted, your enthusiasm for 'Duggie' was warranted, but now we 've got the 'Tote' there 's a great deal of difference."

Sir Edward : "I fail to see any difference."

Colonel : "Nonsense; the 'Tote' is a machine and pays out all it takes, less a percentage."

Sir Edward : "The machine takes no risks, and always stands to win. On the other hand, 'Duggie' takes a lot of risk and stands to lose, so you and I, as backers, are better off."

Colonel : "I can't believe that. There 's a catch somewhere, and I 'll risk a bottle of Clicquot that I 'm right."

Sir Edward : "Done. I maintain the only difference is that 'Duggie's' terms are better."

Colonel : "All right, I 'll start with a daily 'Tote' double. What can 'Duggie' do in this respect?"

Sir Edward : (looking at Rules) "'Duggie' accepts not only daily 'Tote' doubles, but any double or accumulator on any race in the programme."

Colonel : "Good for you—but I think I 've got you beaten on the next."

Sir Edward : "Go ahead."

Colonel : "Well, I can view the runners in the paddock and slip a decent bet on the 'Tote' at the last minute. 'Duggie' can't give you that facility."

Sir Edward : "Wrong again, old chap. You can just as easily slip a wire from the racecourse telegraph office. He accepts them handed in right up to the 'off.'"

Colonel : "Astounding! You 've certainly got the lead, but what about place betting at full 'Tote' prices?"

Sir Edward : "Not only does 'Duggie' give full 'Tote' prices over winners or placed horses, but pays 5 per cent. extra on every win and each-way commission."

Colonel : "That 's good enough for me; let 's have the bottle."

Sir Edward : "And I think the toast should be 'Duggie'—the man who makes one feel so *enthusiastic*."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.